The Outlook

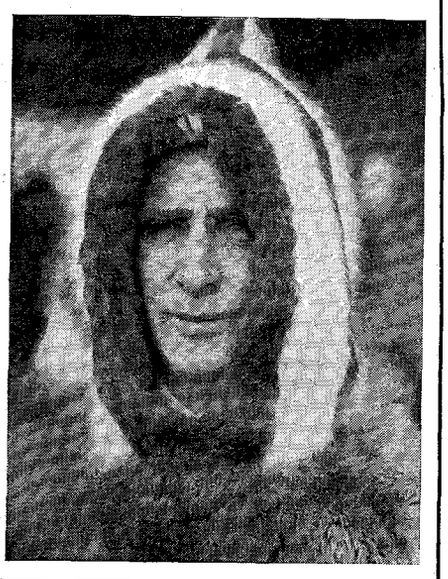
Volume 138 October 1, 1924 Number 5

Back From the Arctic

CAPTAIN Donald B. MacMillan made the round trip from Wiscasset to Wiscasset in fifteen months. It was his eighth polar voyage and the fourth voyage of his eighty-eight-foot auxiliary schooner Bowdoin. Already he and his crew are talking about starting again next June.

As an explorer MacMillan emphatically makes the best of things; he plans well, endures bravely, lives amicably with the Eskimos, always brings back scientific knowledge worth having.

This time his budget of polar information is especially interesting; he confirms previous reports that the glaciers are pushing southward and that some are now reaching the seas that never within our knowledge did so before and are adding to the number of icebergs off the Newfoundland coast; he found positive proof that the coast of North Greenland is gradually sinking; he took a dog-sled trip of a thousand miles to Ellesmere Land; he found coal in that country; he made extended observations of the earth's magnetism, six hundred miles north of the magnetic pole; he found some singular conditions as to radio—he could hear distant Pacific stations better than he could nearer Eastern stations; he received 100,000 words of press news alone over the radio; he amazed the natives with "movies," some showing things that happened to them in 1917; he collected valuable material in the fields of ethnology, geology, and geography.



International

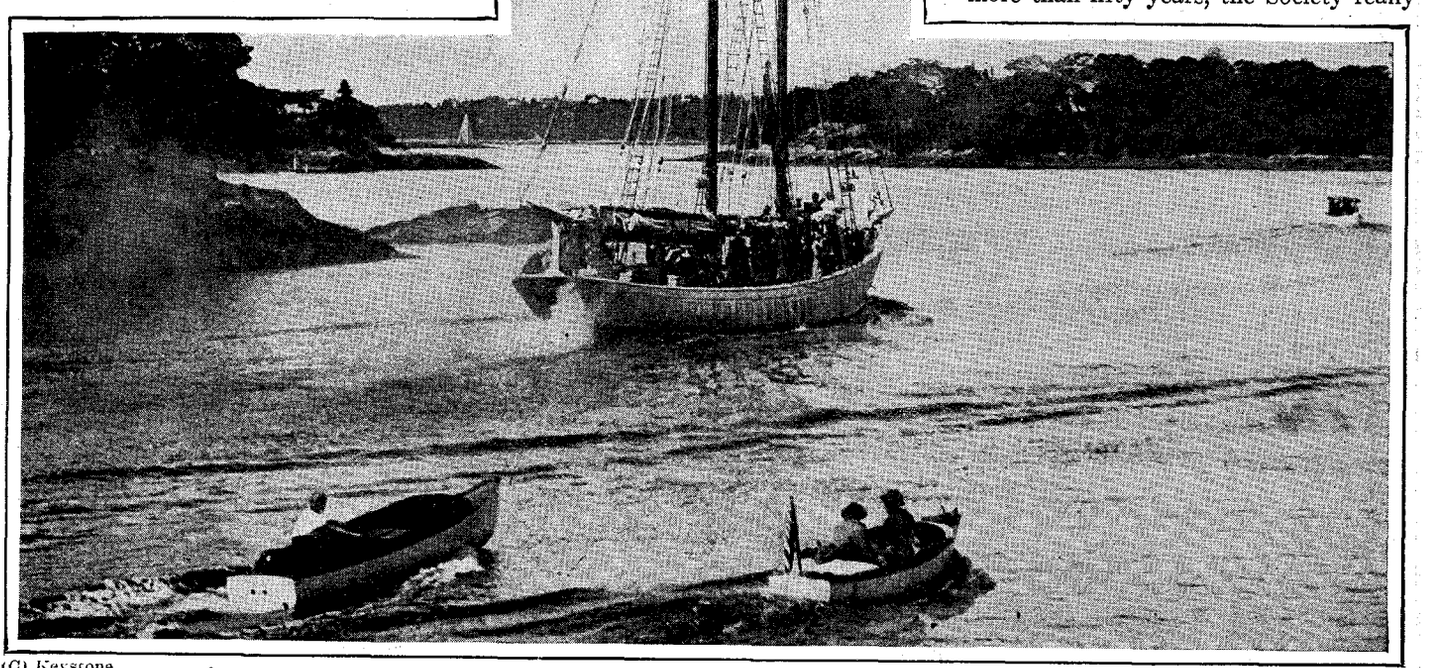
Donald B. MacMillan

Particularly notable are Captain MacMillan's remarks about the Eskimos. He believes they are on the up-grade despite the fact that tuberculosis has appeared among them. They need only moderate supplies of things not obtainable in the Arctic—ammunition and wood, for instance. MacMillan commends the policy of Denmark in letting the Eskimos follow their own bent as to tribal matters, domestic customs, and maintaining their own slender stock of superstitions, while protecting them from debasing influences—"I noted general prosperity and happiness among them," he says.

It is quite clear that the veteran explorer has abundant material for a good and entertaining book as a result of this prosperous voyage.

For Clean Speech

THE Holy Name Society, an organization of Roman Catholic men the primary purpose of which is cleanliness of speech, recently held in Washington, D. C., what might be called its six hundred and fiftieth annual convention. For, while the Holy Name Society as an organization in America goes back hardly more than fifty years, the Society really



(C) Keystone

Captain MacMillan returning in the Bowdoin to Wiscasset, Maine, after his expedition to the Polar regions

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was founded by Pope Gregory X in 1274. He issued a commission to John of Vercelli, then ruling Master-General of the Dominican Friars, which serves to show that the language of the thirteenth century, at least the papal language, did not greatly differ from that of apostolic times. Thus runs the salutation:

> Gregory Bishop, servant of the servants of God, to our beloved son, master of the order of preachers, health and apostolic benediction.

The letter goes on to confer authority upon John of Vercelli to promote reverence for the Holy Name, particularly to eradicate so far as possible blasphemy and the use of profane language in general. John addressed an encyclical letter on the subject to all of the superiors of his order. Soon the organization spread over Europe, and so has come down to the present time.

It is estimated that 100,000 delegates attended the recent convention in Washington. The Society has 2,000,000 members in the United States. It is practically unique among organizations in that its members are not elected, but come in on their own declaration of desire to be members.

The purposes of the organization go, of course, beyond the primary purpose of clean speech, but that alone is vastly worth while. It is good to know that in the United States there are two million men pledged against the use of profane language, that most useless of all vices.

Indications are that profanity is on the decrease in the United States. Time was in this country when swearing was looked upon, in some quarters, as a sort of manly attribute. That day is, happily, past. Doubtless the Society of the Holy Name men, never preaching reform but personally refraining from profane and obscene speech, has exerted a powerful influence in bringing about this beginning of a gratifying change.

The meeting of this society of men with a great purpose furnished an ideal opportunity for President Coolidge to say that there is no place in the Government of this country for religious proscription, that there is no room for questioning or quibbling with the principle that no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification for public office in this country. "This," said the President, "is the essence of freedom." He found a better way, it will seem to many, of dealing with the question of proscriptive societies than the way of "denouncing by name" a particular society.

A Dawes Committee for the Farmers

THE farmer has been ardently wooed by both the elephant and the donkey during these mid weeks of the Presidential campaign. It is doubtful if ever before in the history of American politics so determined a drive has been made by two great parties to "sell" their policies to a single class of voters. The effect of the efforts is not immediately perceptible in a large or definite way, though it is apparent that both appeals have made an impression.

Farmers' organizations do not, of course, express an organic opinion on campaign developments. Washington specialists in farm organization work are saying, however, that John W. Davis, after floundering badly during the early part of the campaign, "got right" in his Omaha speech. The programme he enunciated in that address does not go far beyond the declarations of the Democratic platform, but it evidently is in more digestible shape for farmer consumption.

The Republican appeal to the farmer vote has been made in the main by General Dawes, who still believes in finding out the facts before deciding what to do, in diagnosis before medication. His Sioux Falls speech practically pledged the Republican Party to make some such investigation of the farmers' troubles as the Dawes Commission made of the European problems, and then to act in some such definite way when the facts are found.

While farm leaders believe, of course, that they already know what is wrong with agriculture and what is needed to effect a cure, or at least an improvement, they are not averse to having the facts investigated so that Government officials and the public generally may know what needs doing and what is to be done. Their insistence will be, however, for prompt action, and this is perhaps to some extent assured by President Coolidge's announcement that the committee advocated by General Dawes will be appointed at once and will proceed with its work even while the campaign is in full swing.

Means Again

THE pernicious nature of "government by investigation," so sensationally begun in Washington last winter, has been made strikingly apparent by the latest Gaston B. Means incident. This man, who was perhaps the most important witness in the investigation of Attorney-General Daugherty, gave a statement to the former Attorney-General admitting that he had lied and stating as a fact within his knowledge that many of the other witnesses had lied. He further said that the fabric of falsehood was woven with the assistance of Senator Wheeler, "prosecutor" of the Daugherty committee and now candidate for Vice-President.

Mr. Daugherty made this statement public by calling it to the attention of John W. Davis, Democratic candidate for the Presidency, but by the time it was published Means had made another statement in which he appeared to say that the statement given to Daugherty was not true, and in which he did say that he was induced to make the first statement by promises of aid from Daugherty in his effort to escape punishment for criminal offenses of which he is convicted.

It is beyond human power to discern which, if either of them, is true. But that does not matter much. The two statements prove, if proof were needed, that Gaston B. Means is not a reliable witness, and that therefore some of the so-called evidence introduced in the Daugherty investigation was not evidence at all. Senator Wheeler may not be guilty of having deliberately arranged for false testimony, as Means says he is, but the fact that he used and relied upon such witnesses as Means certainly does Senator Wheeler no credit. There is, clearly, no credit to be got out of association with men of the Means stamp. Mr. Daugherty, however, as well as Senator Wheeler, is besmirched by association with Means. It will be remembered that Means was a Secret Service investigator in the Department of Justice during a part of Mr. Daugherty's incumbency of the office of Attorney-General and undoubtedly did confidential work for him.

What the Means incident proves is, not that Daugherty was falsely accused, but that the methods of investigation were wholly wrong. Indeed, they were so wrong as to constitute a menace to the Government. This miserable mix-up of statements by Means will serve a good purpose—the only good purpose, perhaps, that the man could serve—if it calls forcibly to the attention of the people the danger of investigations such as the one conducted by Senator Wheeler.

Mr. Daugherty sent the original Means statement to Mr. Davis with the

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Progression hath miscarried

(Love's Labor's Lost, Act IV, Scene 2)

Berryman in the Washington Evening Star

OUR CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT
VON STEUBEN GERMAN-AMERICAN SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES
ROBERT M. LAFOLLETTE OF WISCONSIN
I MAY CONTROL THE WORLD THROUGH AMERICA YET ALREADY!
VON STEUBEN GERMAN-AMERICAN SOCIETY INDORSES SENATOR LA FOLLETTE FOR PRESIDENT

From W. C. Barnes, Washington, D. C.

James in the St. Louis Star

Bitter-sweet

Sykes in the Worcester (Mass.) Daily Telegram

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Out of his reach

From Janet Eastman, Dodge, Massachusetts.

Pease in the Newark Evening News

Borrowed for effect

From E. Rowland Munroe, Newark, New Jersey

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demand that the Democratic candidate refrain in future speeches from asserting misconduct of the office of Attorney-General. Mr. Davis has not had time, as this is written, to reply, but it is announced that he is giving careful consideration to the development and will reply as promptly as possible. Senator Wheeler replied, apparently without taking time for careful consideration. He belittled the significance of the incident, said that Means had always tried to shield the former Attorney-General personally, and that Means's statement that he had lied was not surprising. He said further that Means had recently urged him to reopen the investigation, promising further sensational disclosures. On the whole, Senator Wheeler's treatment of the incident simply tends to discredit still further his own witness.

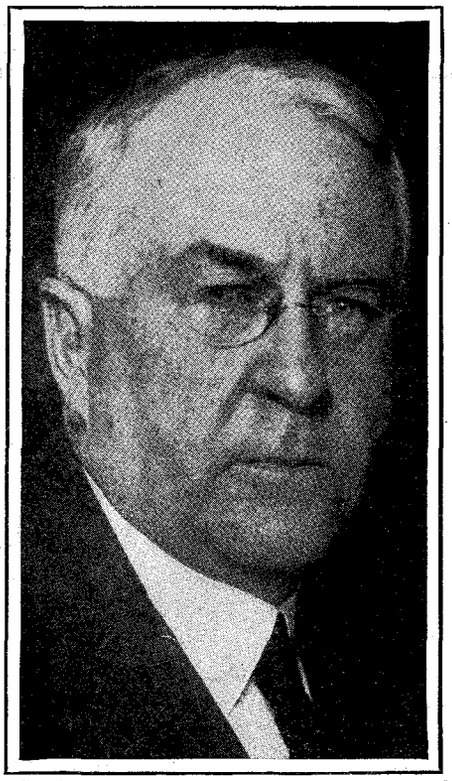
And Now Couzens

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the airing of the Means mess another investigation began in Washington. A committee, of which Senator Couzens, of Michigan, is now chairman, is undertaking to find out what goes on in the Prohibition Enforcement Unit and the Internal Revenue Bureau of the Treasury. The machinery for making the investigation was set up last winter while the Daugherty and the oil investigations were in progress, but was not actually put in motion for several reasons. Senator Couzens undertook to employ Francis J. Heney as committee "prosecutor" and to pay him out of his own pocket. This proposal found strenuous opponents, including President Coolidge, Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, and some of Senator Couzens's associates on the committee. While the proposal was still under discussion Senator Couzens became ill. The hearing was postponed, and the general belief was that it would be abandoned. After Congress adjourned, however, a determination was reached by a majority of the members of the committee to proceed with the investigation. Senator Watson, of Indiana, strenuously objected and, when his protest did not avail, resigned the chairmanship of the committee. Senator Couzens was then elected chairman.

Undoubtedly the committee can render real service if it conducts the investigation in the proper manner. It is admitted, even by those in charge of the work, that prohibition enforcement is not as effective as it should be. There are defects in the system of income-tax collection which everybody would like to see cured. If the Couzens committee carries out the purpose for which Congressional investigations are really intended and discovers facts on which can be based legislation for better administration of the two units, it will render a genuine public service.

If, on the other hand, the committee pursues the sensational and unsound methods of the Wheeler and Walsh committees and seeks to uncover scandal instead of constructive facts, it can do nothing but harm. The temptation to this latter course may be extreme, inasmuch as the work is to be done in the closing days of a National campaign which, it may be supposed, will be affected by the investigation. Very likely any political effect will be different from the effect that members of the committee may expect.

Senator Couzens was recently nominated by the Republicans of Michigan for a second term in the Senate. His record is not one of friendliness to the National Republican Administration. He may, if he thinks superficially, take his indorsement as a commission from the Republicans of Michigan to attempt discrediting the Republican Administration in Washington. If Senator Couzens thinks to the root of things, however, he will realize that partisanship and factionalism have no part in the investigation of governmental activities, and that his sole duty as chairman of the committee is to find facts to aid in framing better legislation for the administration of prohibition enforcement and tax collection.



(C) Henry Miller News Picture Service, Inc.

Senator James Couzens, of Michigan

Mr. White Challenges the Klan

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, the famous editor of the Emporia "Gazette," has become an independent candidate for Governor of Kansas upon a platform of one plank—"Free Kansas from the Ku Klux Klan."

When he filed his petition for a place on the ballot, Mr. White made a statement remarkable for candor, force, and directness. His petition, he says, is the largest ever filed in Kansas, but none of the petitioners live in his home town or county. "I wish," he says, "honestly to test sentiment."

Whether or not Mr. White can accurately test sentiment on this matter by means of the ballot-box is, necessarily, a question. The Klan issue, in Kansas as in most other States, is inextricably tangled with other issues. Ben S. Paulen, the Republican candidate, and Jonathan M. Davis, the Democratic candidate, both are said to have Klan indorsement. But, because they are Republican and Democrat regularly accredited by their parties, they will receive the votes of many men and women hardly less opposed than Mr. White himself to the Ku Klux Klan. The actual voting strength of the Klan can never be determined in a general election.

This does not mean that Mr. White may not be able to defeat both of the regular party candidates, who are said to have Klan indorsement. The vigor with which he enters the campaign will go far to carry him successfully through it. He gives to his candidacy an admirable basis by divorcing it at the outset from special pleading for special classes of population. "I call to my support least of all," he says, "those who are oppressed by the Ku Klux Klan."

In his estimate of Klan membership and his analysis of Klan purpose Mr. White is vigorous if not sufficiently liberal. "The Ku Klux Klan," he says, "represents a small minority and is organized for the purpose of terror." The Klan as it exists to-day has, of course, other purposes, which Mr. White will probably find he has to reckon with.

La Follette's Madison Square Speech

THE very cordial reception given Senator La Follette in New York will hardly justify a radical historian to begin work on "The Winning of the East."

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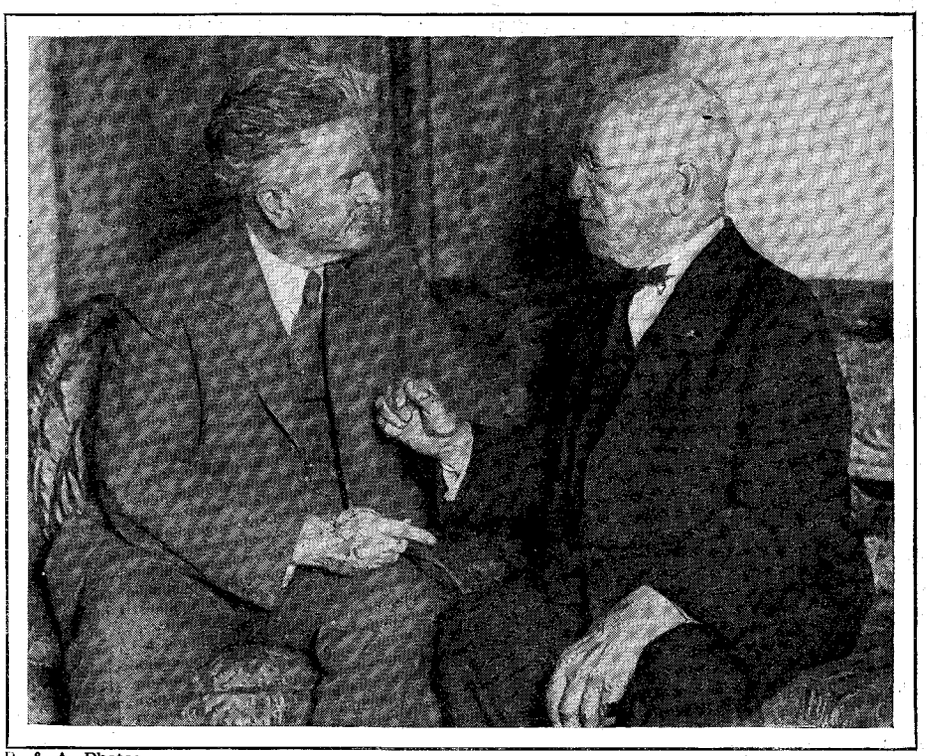
It proves something, to be sure, but hardly more than that there are in New York fourteen thousand persons willing to spend an evening indoors—and about half of them willing to spend a couple of dollars—to hear Senator La Follette expound his theories of governmental reform. It does not furnish even a clear indication of what strength the independent candidate has in the metropolis.

An audience of 20,000, which is about what Senator La Follette had, inclusive of the crowd in Madison Square Garden and the overflow crowd outside in the Square, is less indicative of general sentiment than an audience of comparable size would be elsewhere in the country. Then, too, it is to be remembered that there are and have always been a great many—numerically, though perhaps not relatively—radicals in New York City, and this was their first opportunity to hear a radical speech on a genuinely National scale.

None the less, Senator La Follette had a reception that might cheer the heart of any campaigner. To the crowd that heard him his doctrines undoubtedly are appealing. His plan for giving Congress a veto power over the Supreme Court, his declaration that important decisions of the Supreme Court always are in the interest of the powerful and to the detriment of the weak, and his determination that the question of declaring war shall be referred to the people—these ideas nick with the desires of the audience that filled Madison Square Garden.

Can the Weak Trust Congress?

THERE appears to be no conclusive proof that the Madison Square Garden audience—or, for that matter, Senator La Follette—thinks below the surface of these questions. If the audience and the candidate do so think, it must occur to them to doubt that a Congressional veto on court decisions would better serve to protect the weak. Granted, for argument's sake alone, that the Supreme Court of the United States does too often decide cases in favor of the strong, it is not in the record of our Government that Congress is more immune to the blandishments and emoluments of strength. In fact, the general judgment of informed persons would be that the legislative branch of the Government is more easily within reach of influence than the Supreme Court. There has been fairly clear proof at odd times that individual members of the legislative branch have been grossly and materially influenced by the strong. So far as our memory serves, there has never been such proof against even an individual member of the highest court of the Nation. It probably follows, therefore, that if those who are strong should influence the Supreme Court to a wrong decision they could at the same time do something toward influencing the Congress to withhold the veto.



P. & A. Photos

Senator La Follette discusses his political prospects with Samuel Gompers

Senator La Follette, indeed, is not quite true to himself in the belief that Congress would remain immaculate when the Supreme Court could be debauched by those who are strong. He, in common with Mr. Davis, contends that Congress actually was corrupted by the strong to write the present Tariff Law to serve the interests of the strong against the interests of the weak. That contention is not to be accepted as fact, but it does go to show that Senator La Follette is not quite consistent with himself when he believes that Congress, in overruling decisions of the Supreme Court, would never be influenced by the powerful, but would unfailingly render decisions in protection of the humble.

While he was in New York Senator La Follette found or had forced upon him the occasion to address the Steuben Day celebration audience. What he said in praise of the Germans in America was, in the main, probably true. But the speech will serve to recall to the minds of people the country over a chapter in Senator La Follette's record which, one would think, a candidate would be glad to leave in the dark, or at least out of the full glare of the spotlight. Senator La Follette's war record is not his strong point with the people of the country generally.

On the whole, Senator La Follette's trip to New York probably has not strengthened his candidacy.

The League's Protocol

IT is largely due to the statesmanship and fair-mindedness of Edouard Benes, Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia, that the League of Nations through its Assembly has made progress at Geneva in its effort to frame a protocol that should be acceptable to the member nations and should be followed by a new international disarmament (strictly speaking, reduction of armaments) conference. This latter would naturally deal with military rather than naval strength, as no one wants at present to disturb the results arrived at in the Washington agreement.

It was announced on September 22 that the proposed protocol had been presented to the League's Commission on Disarmament with addresses by Dr. Benes and representatives of France, Great Britain, Italy, and Belgium. If the protocol is duly signed by the representatives of the great nations in the Council and ratified in all by fourteen member nations of the League within a reasonable time, the disarmament conference will be called. It is thought that it may meet in Geneva next June. It is

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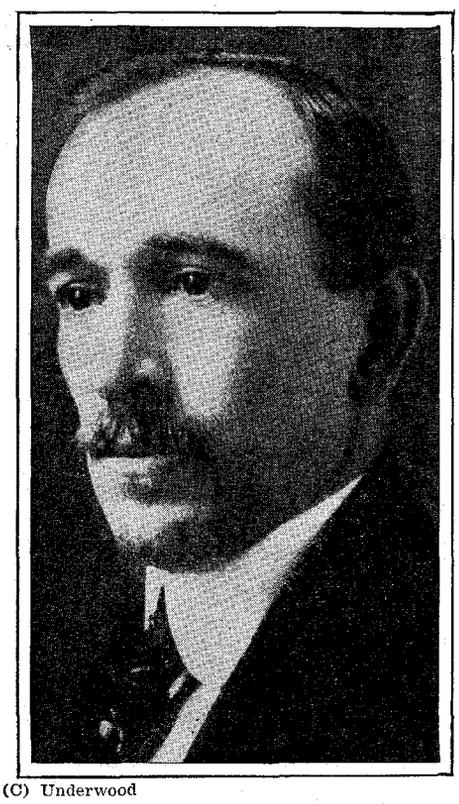
stated that the protocol draft has been made public, but the text in full has not, up to September 23, been published in this country.

In its general provisions, the protocol seeks to apply practically Dr. Benes's condensed programme—arbitration, security, enforcement. It offers to signatory nations three methods of arbitration—before the World Court, or the League's Council, or a special court formed by mutual consent. It proposes to insure respect for arbitration by applying "sanctions" (in the ultimate analysis, that means force or threats of force) to the aggressor nation. What, then, is an aggressor nation? The protocol in elaborate language says in essence that it is one that will not submit its dispute to such arbitration or will not carry out the decisions of the arbitration court; not only one, but both of two disputing Powers may thus put themselves into contempt of court, so to speak, and be dealt with as aggressors. A non-member nation (the United States, for instance) may apply for the settlement of an international question under the protocol without joining the League.

Just how compulsion is to be applied is a little foggy in the reports that have reached America. The League's Council must consent, whether by a majority of members or unanimously seems to be still under discussion—for the protocol as it stands is not necessarily in its final form. "Regional accords," openly arrived at, are allowed for a certain amount of mutual support between nations (France and Belgium, for instance) as a guard against definite danger (say, attack by Germany, in the case above named). Ratification of the protocol is made a prerequisite of partial disarmament.

The comment generally made upon this honest attempt to secure world peace is, first, that it is an effort to give the League substance and reality—or, as some put it, to "save its face" by putting teeth into Article X of the Covenant; secondly, that, elaborate as is the programme, ultimately a consensus of opinion among the Great Powers is needed to bring about the pressure of force, if arbitration fails, and that the same thing was true before the League existed. It is too early, however, to weigh the actual concrete value of the protocol plan; that it is an intelligent and carefully worked out proposal to encourage arbitration and to keep international rivalries and ambitions in check is conceded.



(C) Underwood

Dr. Edouard Benes, Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia, proposer of a protocol to promote peace, submitted to the Disarmament Commission of the League of Nations

The Best Kind of Safety First

SAFETY first is not always a counsel of cowardice. It is sometimes the counsel of intelligence and courage. The proper use for the warning is illustrated by the article in this issue telling of the foundation of a new school of tropical medicine in Porto Rico. It is also illustrated by the work of the eminent physicians and scientists who gathered this summer for a conference on the problems of safety for the white man in the tropics. A group of ninety doctors, representatives of nearly every civilized nation, met in Kingston, Jamaica, and took up in turn the various diseases peculiar to tropical countries with the avowed determination of making the tropics a safe place for the white man. American medical science and the good work of American sanitarians have already cleaned up Cuba, the Canal Zone, and the Philippines; British medical experts are endeavoring to make habitable the vast lake regions and plateaus of Central Africa; while Holland, Belgium, and other nations are earnestly wrestling with the problem of stamping out disease among the natives of their colonial possessions.

Dr. William E. Deeks, Chairman of the Convention, hit exactly the purpose of the Convention when he said: "Life constantly grows more strenuous in the North. Coal is higher in price and harder to get. Deforestation is a cause of worry. Food is higher in price every year. Already there has begun a migration to the warmer portions of the earth, where living is easier and where food is less difficult to obtain. Remember that there is a vast belt of territory surrounding the globe, on either side of the equator, most fruitful and most delightful in which to live, that has been practically closed to the white race on account of the diseases which in the past have taken toll. It is our duty to clean up this vast territory, to make it habitable, and the purpose of this Convention is to correlate our best experience and methods so that it will be easier for all of us to carry on the warfare against tropical disease."

The Convention, international in scope and purpose, was held under the auspices of the United Fruit Company, which maintains nine large hospitals in the various cities of the Caribbean and which has been foremost in the fight against disease and unsanitary conditions in the West Indies.

The work of the United Fruit Company in caring for the health of its employees and the regions from which it must draw its supplies constitutes a dramatic chapter in the history of modern business. It is typical of the type of activity which nineteenth-century philosophers would have called "enlightened selfishness." The fact that this work has been necessary for the development of the company itself in no way minimizes the public benefits which have been derived from such labor.

The Generals of the Army of Science

IT was stated at the Convention that never before had such a distinguished group of medical experts assembled for the purpose of combating tropical disease. England sent a group of men who for the last three decades have labored to keep intact the health of England's far-flung possessions: Sir Leonard Rogers, C.I.E., whose work in India won him world-wide recognition; Sir Arbuthnot Lane, Sir James Fowler, Sir Thomas Oliver, Sir Arthur Newsholme, and W. W. Stephens, head of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine, were present. Germany sent Frederick Fulleborn, the authority on parasitic growths. From France came Pierre la Pine. There were representatives from the South American republics which border the Caribbean, while the United States was represented

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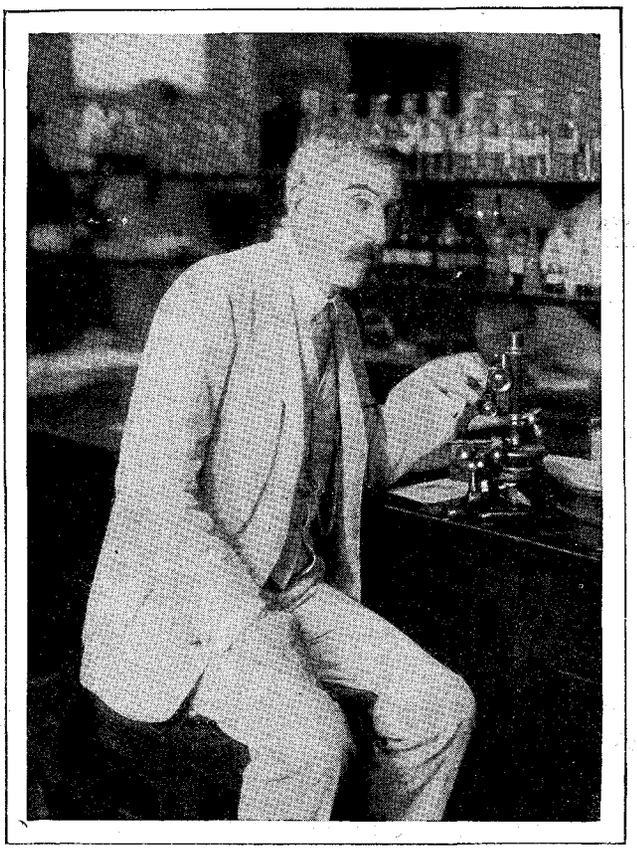
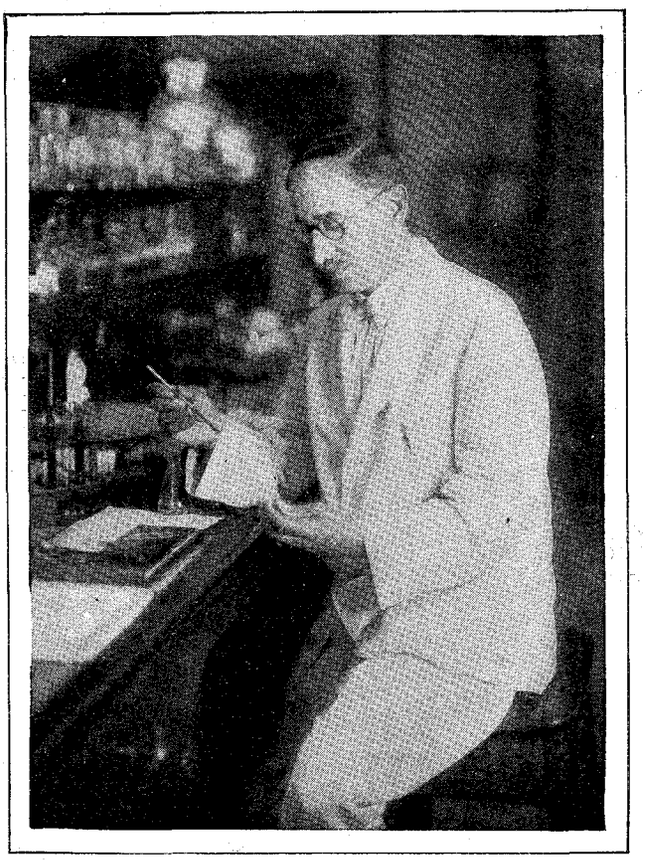
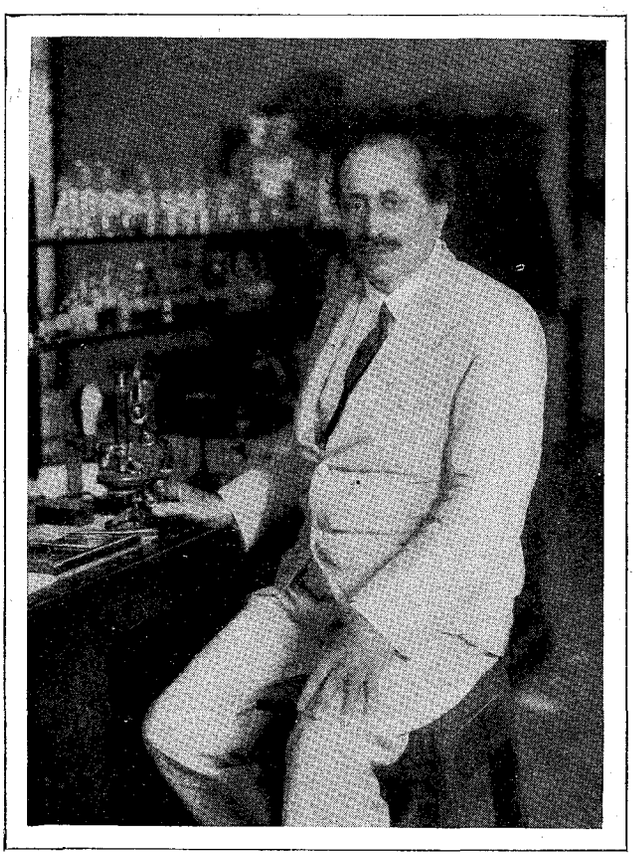


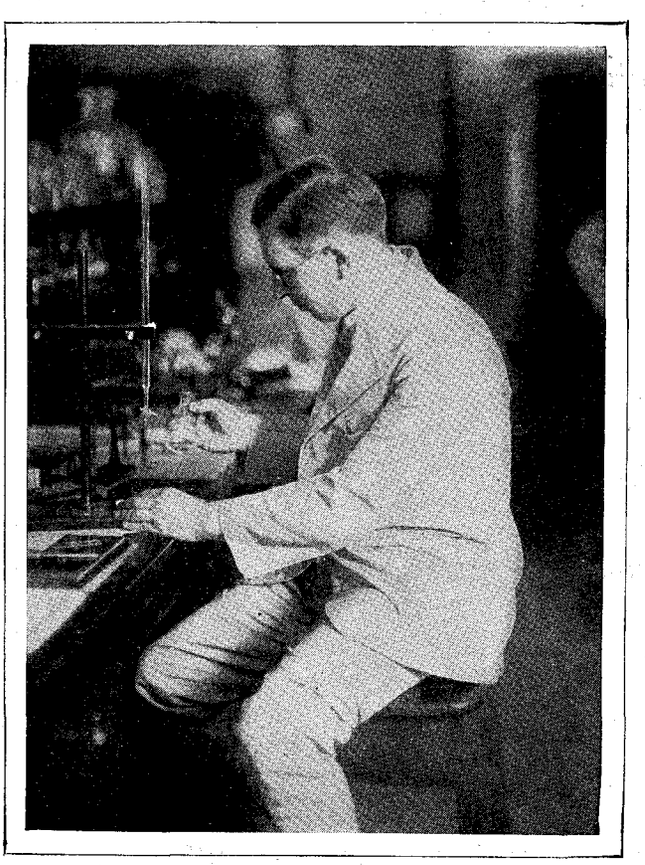
Sir Leonard Rogers, C. I. E., who won fame in India



Dr. Milton J. Rosenau, Harvard Medical School



Dr. Aldo Castellani, specialist in tropical diseases



Dr. Frederick G. Banting, discoverer of insulin

Invaders of the Tropics

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by a galaxy of medical and scientific experts, foremost among whom were Dr. George Vincent, President of the Rockefeller Foundation; Dr. Hideyo Noguchi, admittedly the world's foremost bacteriologist; Dr. Deeks, head of the United Fruit Company's Medical Department; Henry R. Carter, surgeon-general of the Public Health Service; Milton J. Rosenau, of Harvard; Charles A. Koifoid, of the University of California; and Dr. William H. Park, head of the New York Health Department.

Outstanding figures during the ten days' labor of the Convention were Dr. Aldo Castellani, whose work on tropical diseases is known as a classic, and Dr. Frederick G. Banting, winner of the Nobel prize and discoverer of insulin. Dr. Castellani in one of the initial meetings said that tropical diseases were very much the same the world round. There is one exception, the sleeping sickness of Africa, caused by the bite of the tsetse fly; but the two greatest, most serious menaces to health in the tropics are malaria and dysentery. The doctors have virtually conquered plague, cholera, yellow fever, and hookworm. There may be sporadic outbreaks, but they can be quickly cleaned up, and unceasing watchfulness is all that is needed.

Malaria, borne by mosquitoes, which are bred in the equatorial swamps, is the one great outstanding foe of the white man in the tropics. It would appear that sanitarians and doctors will have to work together in order to eliminate this worst and most persistent cause of illness in all tropical countries.

The work of the conference is to be given world-wide publicity by a book which is to be published for free distribution to the medical foundations and hospitals of the world.

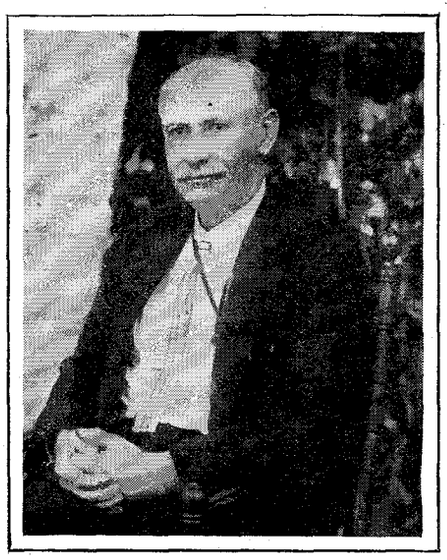
"It is a fact," said Sir Thomas Oliver, "that more has been accomplished by this Conference than any other concerted step toward cleaning up the tropics and making it safe for the Caucasian."

To Save Our Game

"God send something to shoot at!" Thus, in "Lorna Doone," prayed the great John Ridd when fear was upon him—prayer, not for removal of the danger or of his own fright, but for something, anything, to bang away at.

Something to shoot at is a boon for a nation no less than for a man. One who has studied the subject deeply says that "our boys" accomplished their great results in the World War because, from their childhood, they had something to shoot at—good hunting and true sportsmanship.

Our National prayer, therefore, might well be to spare us something to shoot at, something, also, to photograph and to see beauty in. And that prayer we can answer ourselves by conserving our game, largely by properly administering and properly observing the migratory bird treaty law. That law is administered by the Secretary of Agriculture through the Bureau of Biological Survey, but the



Dr. William E. Deeks

benefits to be derived from it depend in large measure upon whether or not the public observes it and insists upon regulations for its enforcement which will save the game birds from extermination.

Under the direction of the Biological Survey, an advisory board passes upon moot questions affecting regulations. This board makes recommendations for regulations. The Secretary of Agriculture accepts or rejects the recommendations in the light of the biological data at his command.

Of the questions just now under discussion, one is most conspicuous. Are the bag limits on certain species too large? The fact that our game, through progressive agricultural changes, has become much more segregated, or "pocketed," leads many to believe that some of the present bag limits are too broad in certain localities, until certain especially destructive factors can be educatively controlled.

Congress acted wisely in legislating to check the enormous waste arising from the pollution of coastal waters by oil. It is hopeful that similar legislation may be enacted for the inland waters, and that every State will arouse itself to put in force the State laws and municipal regulations necessary to check this nationally discreditable wastage of crude materials and of life in so wide an extent of our public waters.

Meantime most persons who have no selfish interest would urge a careful revision of the bag limits and open seasons until such a time as a complete chain of adequate reservations can be established along the now well-known paths of migration, thus insuring food and rest for migratory game birds and mammals, and a southward extension of the breeding range, particularly of geese and ducks, and perhaps of swans and cranes. This must be supplemented by other constructive measures which may offset the present excessive development of the elements of destruction. Most of all, for example, is needed a widening of the areas suitable for the sojourn of migratory game birds, where a reasonable amount of shooting may become available, and where equality of opportunity is guaranteed to all well-intentioned citizens.

Keeping Democracy Safe For Itself

LACK of public interest in the present Presidential campaign, wherever it may be found, may be due to one of two causes. It may be due to the fact that the voters have made up their minds on the evidence they have and are simply waiting for the 4th of November. In that case, it may not be a sign of indifference. It may, on the other hand, be due to the idea that no great issues are involved. In that case, it may be a sign of indifference, or at least irresolution and indecision.

For a decision already made on the evidence at hand concerning the main issues of this campaign there is some justification, but for indifference there is none. So far from being an issueless campaign, this is one in which have been raised some of the gravest issues ever presented to an American electorate. They are not mere issues of policy; they concern the fundamental law and institutions of the country.

Between now and election day the American people should be re-examining the nature of American democracy.

Every form of society has its own virtues and its own perils. Chivalry, for example, as the very word itself suggests, denotes a virtue that was developed and could only have been developed under a state of society very different from that

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of to-day. With the virtues of democracy we Americans are familiar; but are we as ready to see and provide against its perils? In this campaign, as in no other campaign in a generation, we are called upon to face some of those perils, learn what they are, and put ourselves on guard to preserve our democracy from them.

To deny that there are perils in democracy is to be hostile to democracy itself. No more discerning observer of American life and institutions ever committed his observations to writing—not even James Bryce—than that great French admirer of America and the Americans, Alexis de Tocqueville. He found in America supremely exemplified the distinctive characteristic of democracy—equality of conditions; and in the concluding sentence of his great work, "Democracy in America," he leaves us this warning: "The nations of our time cannot prevent the conditions of men from becoming equal, but it depends on themselves whether the principle of equality is to lead them to servitude or freedom, to knowledge or barbarism, to prosperity or wretchedness." As he said, it was because he was not an opponent of democracy, in fact because he was convinced that democracy was even then (over eighty years ago) an "irresistible fact, against which it would be neither desirable nor prudent to contend," that he frankly uttered what he believed, and the intervening years have almost invariably proved, to be the truth. As Francis Bowen, late Professor of Philosophy at Harvard, wrote of him, de Tocqueville "showed that the welfare of a nation under democratic rule can be maintained only on condition of such a union of general intelligence and religious faith with submissiveness to constitutional restraint, as is rarely exemplified in the history of mankind." It was this self-restraint on the part of the American people, this regard for the safeguards which they had erected against the perils of democratic rule, that converted this son of a royalist French count to democracy. He knew French history and was well aware of what had happened to his country because it had allowed democracy to step across the line that separates it from despotism; and it was with French history in mind undoubtedly that he wrote, "None but attentive and clear-sighted men perceive the perils with which equality threatens us, and they commonly avoid pointing them out."

In this campaign the people of America are called upon to become clear-sighted and attentive in order to see certain perils which they have been asked by certain politicians not to defend themselves against but to invite and welcome.

What these perils are we shall indicate in later issues of The Outlook.

They Pay the Price

THE OUTLOOK publishes in this week's issue the second of a series of stories dealing with the wiles and winnings of fake promoters. Other articles in this series will be published in succeeding issues.

There may be one group of people who will read these articles with a feeling that the warning which they contain has no particular bearing upon their own fortunes. We are thinking of small-town merchants and business men who may feel that they are in no personal danger from the salesman of fake stock and blue-sky schemes. Directly, of course, they may escape his lures, but indirectly they are perhaps the heaviest sufferers from his dishonest ventures.

Every time that citizens of their home towns indulge in speculative orgies a definite amount of money is taken out of local banks and removed from the sphere of activity of the local storekeepers. It is not the remote and wicked financiers of Wall Street that suffer most. It is the institutions of Main Street that are the real losers. When money is properly invested through reputable banking institutions or brokerage houses, there is a steady and regular increment in the form of dividends which constitutes a benefit to the institutions and industries in the town in which the investor lives.

From pure self-interest the small-town merchant ought to be among the leaders of those who are seeking to checkmate the wiles of the fake promoter.

Dartmouth Makes a Self-Analysis

IT always seems absurd to question any long-established institution, and yet Dartmouth, not only through its faculty but also through a specially appointed committee of seniors, has been delving into a question of this very kind. "Why," it is asked, "do colleges exist, and what ought they to do?"

The report of the special Senior Committee is exceedingly interesting. It is interesting because it publishes unblushingly obvious facts known to many of us and accepted without question merely because they concern an ancient institution. It is also interesting because it is constructive as well as destructive.

The objects of a college, they tell us, should be to stimulate independent thinking, to "inspire to an intellectual life," to encourage undergraduates to dig out knowledge for themselves and aid them in developing conclusions therefrom, and to prepare them for intellectual leadership. The members of this Senior Committee are definitely sure that these are things our colleges do not do. They state that the way is completely blocked by the "lecture course" system, a kind of attempt at mass education, which, they feel, should be abolished, and the students encouraged to work personally for the information they desire. Two paragraphs from this senior report might well be quoted:

"The criterion is his [the student's] ability to absorb, retain, and regurgitate on the proper occasions about fifty per cent of the information the instructor sees fit to include in his course, together with the latter's supposedly authoritative commentary thereon."

"He [the student] doesn't know how to investigate a subject. He only knows that if he reads with ordinary care certain designated pages of a certain designated book he will know enough about the particular subject to answer the questions he may be asked about it by the instructor—who knows that he has only read with ordinary care certain designated pages of a certain designated book."

Undoubtedly we have been trying to educate, both in school and college, after the factory "mass production" fashion. On the other hand, for the last decade colleges and universities have been overwhelmed with enormous student bodies. To make possible the highly desirable individual touch in education would require larger and abler staffs than most of our institutions now possess. And yet it is an ideal worth striving for. Lecture-course education cannot really educate. It can at best place in the mind a number of conceptions. Real education must include a knowledge of the use of these conceptions. It must include the equipping of a mind with intellectual tools and a knowledge—a practical knowledge—as to their use. It must aid an individual to stand on his own feet mentally, and to be more than a rather inefficient human phonograph record.

Again, if a college would prepare un-

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dergraduates for intellectual leadership, it would have to make a rigid selection of candidates for admission, admitting only those of superior talent. This is something that the Senior Committee demands. Eventually, perhaps, following some of our schools, our colleges may begin to group undergraduates on a basis of ability. At any rate, methods should be devised for educating a student according to that student's capacity. This is something far beyond the powers of any mere lecture system.

Self-analysis, when carried out so painstakingly and intelligently as that of Dartmouth, cannot fail to stimulate other institutions to do likewise, and out of such discussion may develop a method of collegiate education more closely meeting the spirit and needs of the day.

Shall the Supreme Court be Supreme?

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

A SLIP of the pen, or rather of the typewriter, in an article on the Constitution which I contributed to The Outlook of September 10 has resulted in the receipt of a number of letters of correction. I am rather glad I made the mistake, because these letters, indicating as they do a widespread interest in the Constitution, confirm my belief that the preservation of constitutional government is the paramount issue in the Presidential campaign. My mistake is succinctly pointed out by a member of the bar of Rochester, New York, in the following letter:

Rochester, N. Y.,
September 8, 1924.

Dear Mr. Abbott:

I quote the following from your article from September 10th issue of The Outlook, page 47:

". . . and the original Constitution forbade that any amendment should be made prior to the year 1808."

As the first twelve amendments were adopted prior to 1805, either you are mistaken or the said amendments were adopted "unconstitutionally."

Yours very truly,
RAYMOND H. ARNOT.

Of course my statement as it appeared in The Outlook and as quoted by Mr. Arnot is wrong. My argument was, and still is, that the Fathers who framed the Constitution seriously doubted the wisdom of Congress in certain particulars, and therefore laid direct prohibitions upon its actions. In pointing out these limitations of Congressional power what I wrote was this: "Congress, for example, cannot amend the Constitution without the consent of the States, and the original Constitution [that is, the Constitution drafted in 1787 and effective in 1789] forbade that any amendment of *Section 9, Article I,* should be made prior to the year 1808." Unfortunately, the words in italics were omitted by the copyist.

Another correspondent, the Rev. F. C. Reid, of Los Angeles, who was a lawyer before he became a clergyman, and whose letter printed in The Outlook of September 10 started this discussion, questions my statement that the transference of the power of passing upon the constitutionality of laws from the Supreme Court to Congress would be to change the fundamental structure of our Government. He still insists that "the claim of any court of the right to pass upon the constitutionality of a duly enacted statute is an invasion of the rights of the legislative body, and a usurpation of authority." This, of course, is going back a hundred years and reasserting the claim of Thomas Jefferson in his contention with Chief Justice Marshall. The country accepted Marshall's view and rejected Jefferson's, and for a century the complicated and difficult business of governmental administration has been based upon the supremacy of the Supreme Court in Constitutional controversies. To adopt Jefferson's theory now would be to abandon the great mass of decisions and precedents which have been woven into the very fiber of our Government. It would make so radical a change in procedure that it may logically be said that the very structure of our Government would be fundamentally altered.

In attempting to establish his theory Jefferson used all the great power of the Presidency. Not only that, he also brought about the impeachment of one Justice of the Supreme Court and threatened the impeachment of John Marshall himself. Jefferson failed. Is there any more likelihood that success will crown the efforts of Senator La Follette, Mr. Reid, and other similar reactionaries? For to go back to a theory of government abandoned over a century ago is not progressive, but reactionary.

Mr. Reid argues that, as the Constitution does not specifically assign to the Supreme Court the power to pass on the validity of laws, that power was usurped by Marshall and is unconstitutional. Marshall, on the other hand, believed that this function of the Court was derived from the Constitution by the doctrine of "implied powers." This belief he expressed in the famous case of Marbury vs. Madison. Marbury had been appointed Justice of the Peace by President Adams. Madison, President Jefferson's Secretary of State, refused to give him his commission. Marbury sued in the Supreme Court for a writ of mandamus to compel Madison to deliver the commission. Put into the language of laymen, Marshall's opinion ran something like this:

Marbury was legally appointed and could not legally under the Constitution be removed or restrained from office except for malfeasance. A President cannot be interfered with by the courts in making an appointment, but the appointment having once been made the appointee has a vested right which he can defend in the courts even against the President. If a purchaser of public lands is granted by the Constitutional authority a patent to those lands and the Secretary of State withholds the patent, the purchaser has a legal remedy for the injustice which he suffers. The withholding of Marbury's commission was a plain violation of his Constitutional vested right.

Is a mandamus—that is to say, a writ or order from the court commanding the President and Secretary of State to give Marbury his commission as Justice of the Peace—the proper remedy? It is. But what court shall issue the writ? Can the Supreme Court do so? Section 13 of the Judiciary Law of 1789 says that the Supreme Court shall issue such writs. If the Supreme Court cannot issue such a writ, it must be because the law of 1789 is contrary to the Constitution.

The Constitution defines exactly in what kinds of cases the Supreme Court shall have original jurisdiction and says that in all other cases its jurisdiction shall be appellate. Mandamus proceedings are not included among the cases defined by the Constitution for original jurisdiction. But the law of 1789 says that the Supreme Court may originate a writ of mandamus. The Constitution says it may not. Which shall the Court obey, the Constitution or Congress? If it obeys Congress, the Constitution is not worth the paper it is written on and our Nation will fall to pieces, for its very

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existence depends on the Constitution. That fundamental document cannot be changed or amended by Congress alone. The process of amendment is defined by the Constitution itself. When the Court is confronted with a law which plainly contradicts the Constitution, it must declare that law null and void.

Marbury was duly appointed Justice of the Peace; the withholding of his commission is an injustice; he has a legal remedy; that legal remedy is a mandamus; but the law under which he asks the Supreme Court to issue the writ of mandamus, not on appeal from a lower court but in original jurisdiction, is unconstitutional. His plea is denied.

Even to a layman the logic of this argument is incontrovertible and clearly exposes the fallacy of the theory of legislative supremacy.

So much for the philosophy of the question. A correspondent in Toledo, Ohio, puts its practical aspect in a nutshell:

Toledo, Ohio,
Sept. 10, 1924.

Dear Sir:

As a subscriber to and constant reader of The Outlook I was much interested in the letter of your correspondent, Mr. F. C. Reid, Los Angeles, Cal., and your reply thereto, both appearing in The Outlook for September 10.

The best answer to Mr. Reid's argument [in behalf of the right of Congress to determine the constitutionality of its own acts] that I have seen appeared on the editorial page of the Toledo "Blade" of August 9. It is as follows:

"Look at the Congressman with whom you are most familiar, and then think over the question of whether Congress should be made superior to the Supreme Court of the United States."

The country will answer this question, and answer it right, in November. Common sense will win.

Truly yours,
A. J. SPENCER.

Those who declare that the Supreme Court has the despotic power to frustrate the popular will forget or ignore the fact that the Constitution provides an orderly way in which the people may exercise their undoubted sovereignty even over the Supreme Court. The Constitution may be amended whenever a decisive majority of the voters so elect. Thus the Thirteenth Amendment followed the Dred Scott decision of 1857 and the Sixteenth Amendment followed the decision in the Pollock case of 1895. The will of a particular Congress, often passionate, factional, and partisan, is by no means always the sober and well-considered will of a majority of the people.

The Four Horsemen

By GEORGE MARVIN

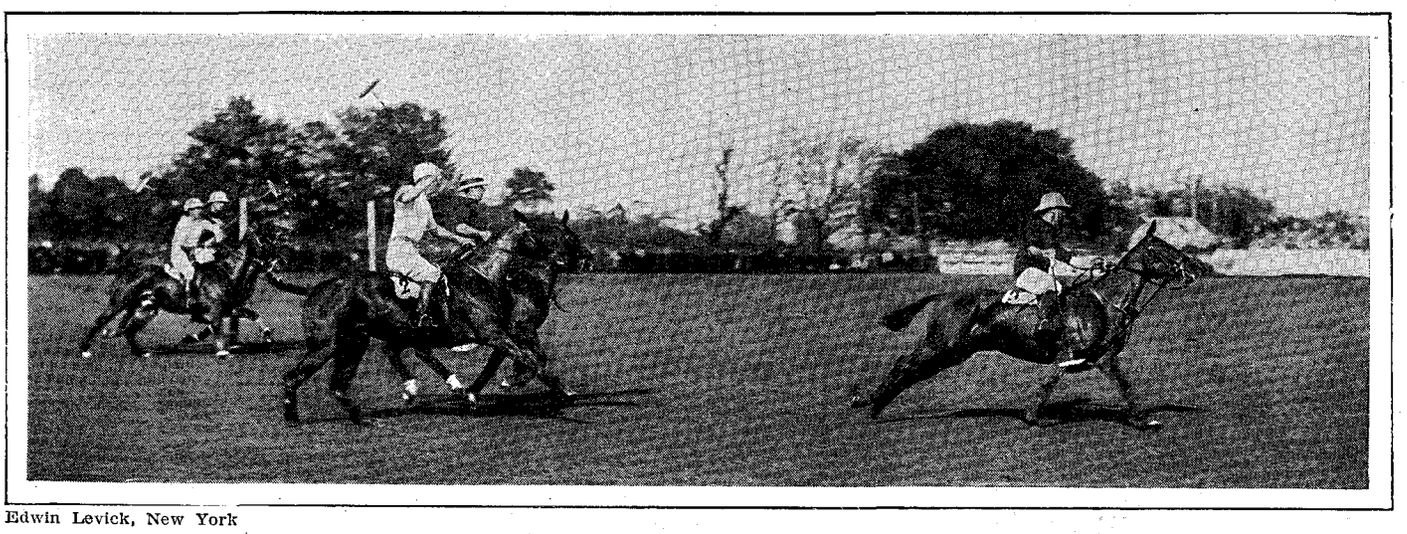
The story of a game that keeps alive the skill of chivalry

LITERALLY four horsemen of the polo apocalypse were these hard-riding defenders of the cup. Because to the princes and principalities and uncommon people in the robin's-egg-blue bleachers, to their British opponents on the field, the game they played was a revelation. A revelation of what a man can do with a mallet on horseback, impressive enough in its four separate demonstrations; but, more impressive still, a revelation of team-work so unusual as to amount to fourfold instinct.

Nothing more becomes a man than horsemanship. There is item, a man. And then—something considerably more, chevalier, caballero—there is the man-on-horseback. And nowhere—now that knighthood is dead and the cavalry maneuver has practically disappeared from modern warfare—nowhere, except possibly in the Grand National Steeplechase, is the man-on-horseback so raised to the *n*th power as in International Polo.

That is one reason why it is difficult, if not impossible, to watch British-American polo sitting down. You don't need a "dope sheet" to register intelligently and emotionally on what takes place before you. You get it, you respond to it, at sight. The thing is patent to every normal man or woman capable of seeing and feeling. Four helmeted men in blue riding furiously knock a white ball in one direction—object, goal; while four white riders in mad career block the blue's efforts and wallop the ball in the opposite direction—hockey on horseback.

But what speed! speed! speed! And



Edwin Levick, New York

Speed!—man and beast. The British horses were fully as fast as the Americans', but in speed of instinctive play and in quickness of thought the four horsemen of the United States outshone all but one of their opponents

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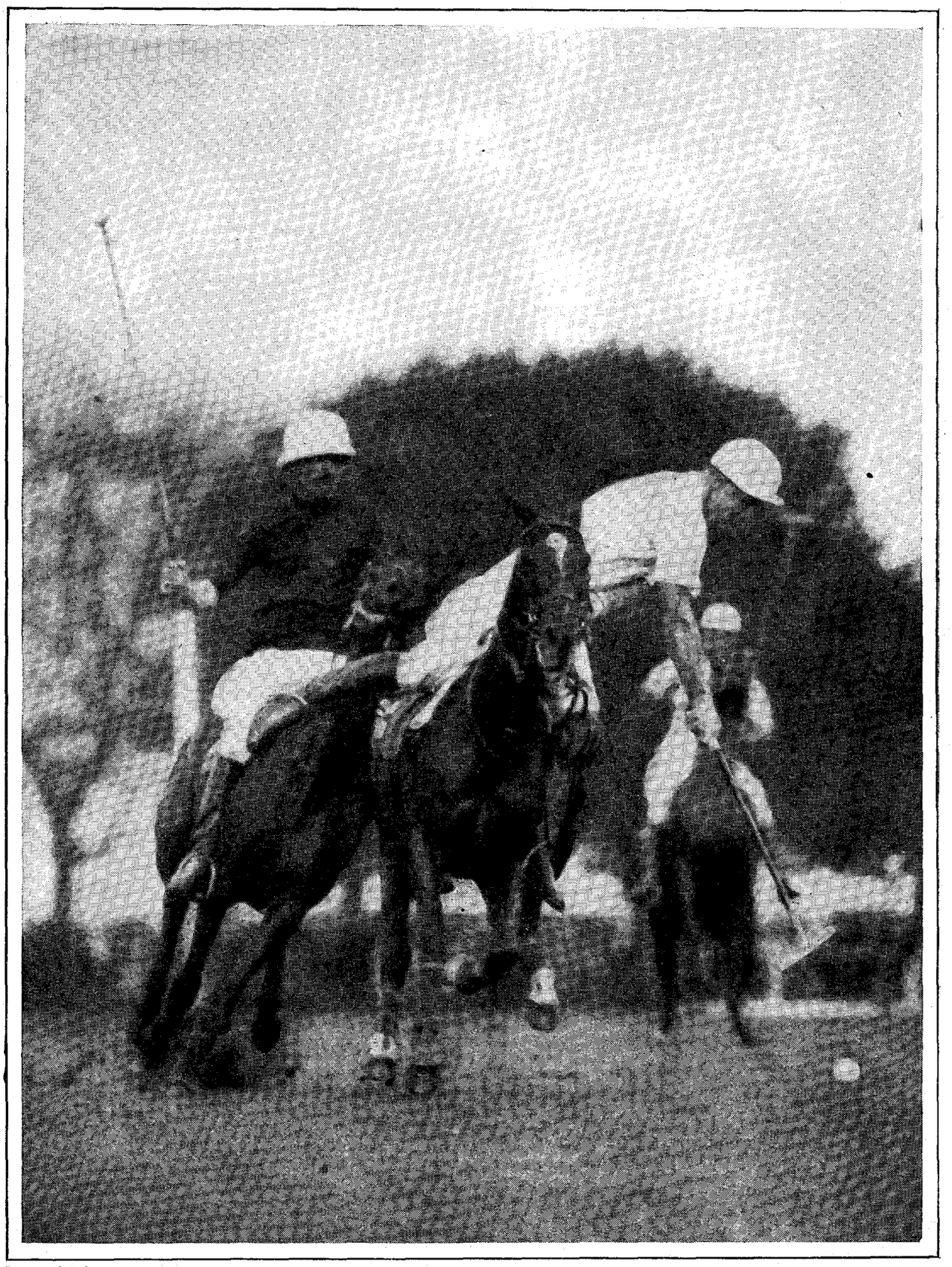

International

With the Americans it was simply a question of being anywhere in the neighborhood of the ball. Hitchcock made shots like this all around his pony with equal ease and power

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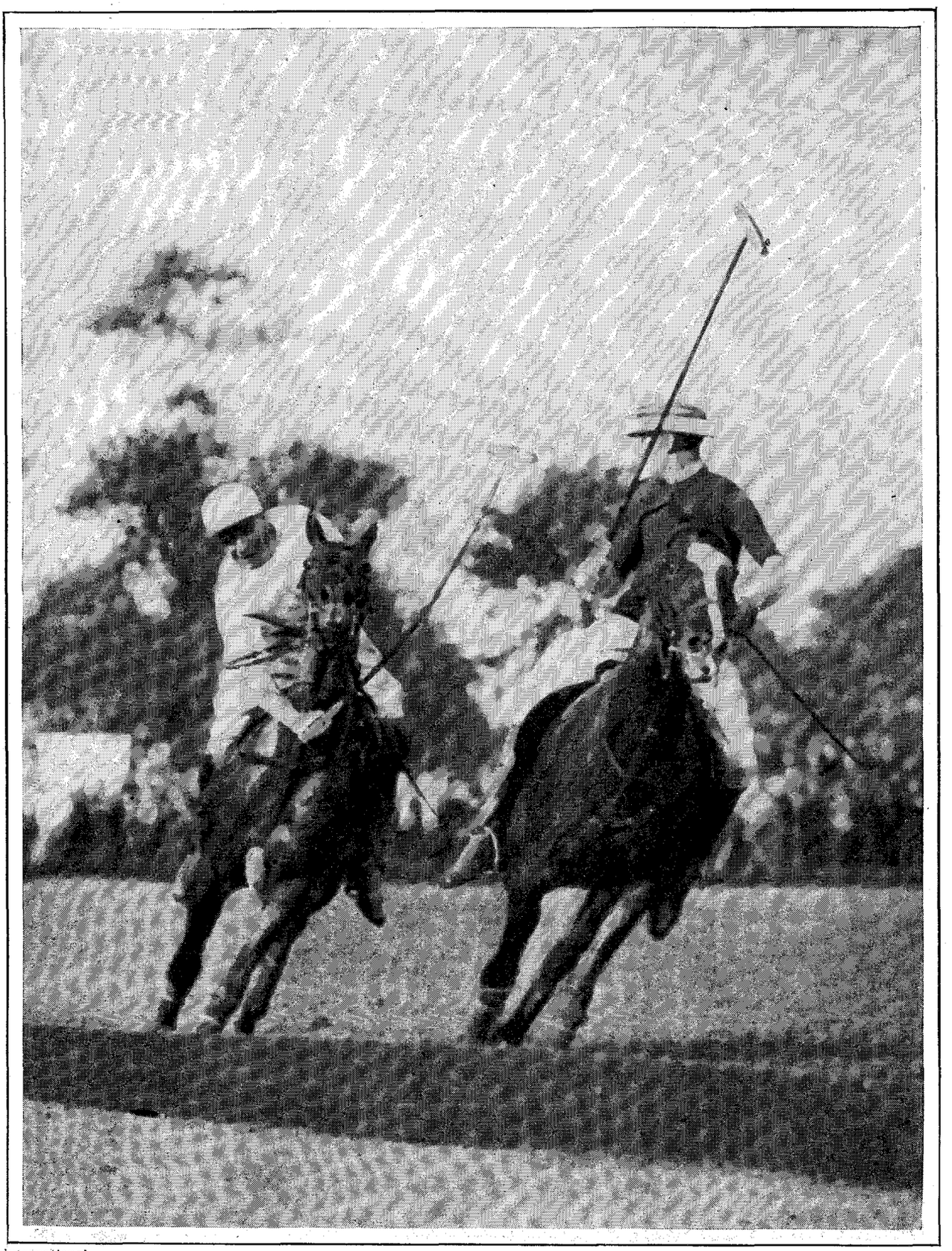

International

An "off-side forehander," under his pony's neck, by Milburn, the American captain—by common consent the greatest back who ever played the game

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then, by whip and spur and urge of voice, knee, and hand, more speed! Up and down and across a field that looks in the afternoon light as crisp as a putting green and half a mile long—and is, as a matter of fact, more than three hundred yards in length—the blue and white play flashes. The horses get down to running with the utter devotion of whippet dogs, necks outstretched and bellies to the ground. Their drumming hoofs throw showers of divots in the air, cutting up the putting green and convincing the skeptical of the committee's wisdom in postponing the games for dry weather. When the play is reversed and swerves towards the opposite goal, all eight flying horsemen, at forty-five-degree angles, veer with it as a flock of pigeons on the wing wheel in unison, sunlight and shadow across their wings. During the interval between each "chukker" of seven and a half minutes, while eight cool and grave-faced cossacks ride off to change their sweating ponies, a small army of green-keepers in blue denim deploy in open order from the side-lines to replace the divots and pound the battlefield back to its original condition.

When the great Milburn, or "Tommy" Hitchcock, or Lacey of the Argentine, cuts loose on Salisbury Plain, for a run down the long field or a scurry along the boundary boards, the packed stands rose automatically in parallel tribute, a rising vote by the "Ayes" in an enthusiastic mass-meeting. An actual half-mile of hand-picked and assorted spectators responded to the passing of the game in their neighborhood as an Iowa wheat field answers to the touch of a prairie breeze. Vicariously they gulped some of the "delight of battle" which the galloping horsemen drank "with their peers far o'er the ringing plains of windy" Mineola. And, after the second and deciding game, in their many thousands they desisted from the homeward scramble for special trains and private cars long enough to watch the winning Americans —and the no less winning Prince of Wales, who has almost become an American heir apparent—drink deep from the well-defended Hurlingham Cup what General Bullard in his presentation speech happily and tactfully called "the waters of Meadowbrook."

A noble game! All the joy of hitting a ball with something that makes the urge to tennis or golf or hockey or baseball—plus horse. Hitting and horsemanship. A venerable game, too, but now as always a game for princes and viceroys and maharajahs and millionaires, an imperial game. In Imperial China it used to be possible, with Mongolian ponies at $100 apiece and other costs in proportion, for men of moderate means to drink the deep delight of what they called polo. In this country, as in Europe or Argentina, the game is far beyond the reach of all but the immoderately rich or the immensely subsidized. Its prohibitive expense prevents it from ever becoming popular except as a spectacle. *Hinc lacrimæ,* for it is a breeder of fine qualities in horse and man. The horse world was combed for the two long strings of "ponies" (some of them with the breeding and size of race horses) which paraded in single file around the field before each game. As they filed by the crowd rose to its feet and uncovered out of respect to the national colors which headed each string. They remained standing in recognition of beautiful horseflesh and its equivalent in much fine gold. The average value of these hundred horses was over three thousand dollars, and all together they represented an investment of half a million.

Individually and as a team, with one brilliant exception, the Englishmen were less impressive than the British four who carried the same cup back to England in 1914 or their invading countrymen who in the preceding year almost beat Harry Whitney's famous "Big Four," consisting of the Waterbury brothers, Milburn, and himself. The exception was Luis Lacey, swarthy and silent, with a football harness strapped over his injured right shoulder, the only man outside the United States who carries the limit polo rating of ten goals handicap. A British citizen born in Canada thirty-seven years ago, Lacey learned his polo in the Argentine, where he has spent a good part of his life in the saddle. It is American polo, in style and effectiveness quite on a par with the North American game of the only two other ten-goal men in the international ratings—Hitchcock and Milburn. To see these three maneuver on horseback and hit the ball was well worth the full price of admission. "Circus stuff," said the baseball fan, metaphorically from the State of Missouri, who sat next to me among the proletariat in the east stand. Morosely silent at first, he warmed up as the game progressed and began to encourage the players with "Atta boys" in a splendid spirit of undiscriminating sportsmanship.

"I'll tell the world," said he as Lacey, racing past us, lifted a prodigious drive far down the field, "I'll tell the world, that guy packs an awful clout!"

With this shining South American exception, all four of our cavalry in each game outclouted the enemy—yards and yards at a time. And therein lay one ingredient of their overwhelming victory (16 to 5 and 14 to 5), for besides clouting hard and far they smote to one another in passing or for the goal straight and true. The other five Englishmen, besides Lacey, who took part in the two championship games rode beautifully and generally hit with precision. By contrast with the world-beaters their drives lacked depth, their riding was constrained, their whole game noticeably to a layman was less effective. Among the Americans Watson Webb is admitted to be the most finished horseman. He sits in his saddle as though he had been dropped into it from a great height. From the waist down he is part of his horse. Like his right-handed mates, he swings a wicked mallet in his left hand, but, more after the tradition of English polo, he achieves his shots by deft horsemanship, more "correctly," as an Englishman would say, meaning that a player should first try to get his horse into the position from which a given shot may be pulled off to the best advantage.

In this sense Hitchcock and Milburn—and, with a lesser degree of abandon, Malcolm Stevenson—play with magnificent incorrectness. They chuck the rubric and discretion to the winds. "Circus stuff," yes; cowboy stuff, American stuff. Anywhere in their neighborhood the ball is unsafe: off-side, near-side, under their ponies' necks or bellies or behind their tails, at rest or in motion, on the ground or in the air, they "clout" it unmercifully. By contrast to the more correct though hardly less devastating Webb, they swarm all over their mounts, out of their saddles half the time. In their and Lacey's cases it isn't horsemanship so much as horse mastership. Only a centaur kind of instinct born of lifetimes on horseback makes it possible. Milburn began playing polo at Oxford twenty-five years ago; Webb and Stevenson have played nearly twenty years. Young Hitchcock at twenty-four and Strawbridge at twenty-seven have had ten years of active tournament play. All five are saturated with the game. Although they don't have to, all these gentlemen actually do work. But business has never been allowed to interfere with their polo.

The papers made more of dissensions in the British ranks than the facts justified. But even a little discord injures morale and saps confidence. Moreover, the men who lined up against Milburn's four had had almost no practice as a team before the day of the much-postponed matches. Lacey was kept out by injuries and up to the last moment the most effective combination of the remaining available players had not been decided upon. The one substitution the Americans made was on account of an accident to Stevenson in the last chukker

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P. & A. Photos

With a crippled shoulder he played American polo on the British team. Luis Lacey of the Argentine, who saved his side from a worse defeat. The Prince of Wales is also present

of the first game. For the remainder of that final period and throughout the second game Strawbridge creditably filled his place at Number Three. The substitutions of Colonel Melvill and Major Phipps-Hornby, on the other hand, were made in the forlorn hope of strengthening the British side after their poor showing in the first game.

A good deal of the contrast in teamwork was therefore accountable. The team-effectiveness of the Americans was even more noticeably superior to that of the challengers than their individual prowess. Milburn, Hitchcock, and Webb have been playing together for five years. With Louis Stoddard, now President of the Polo Association and also a ten-goal man before his retirement this year from international competition, they brought the cup back from Hurlingham in 1921. With Stevenson, who has played with and against them in differing combinations for many years, in the pivotal position at Three they have repeatedly shown such combined strength as to justify the majority of English and American polo authorities in calling them an even "Bigger Four" than Whitney's, the biggest four the game has yet produced. Such team-work as theirs was well-nigh unbeatable. It was sometimes uncanny. Whithersoever the ball went, there was a white horseman keeping tryst with it. They knew beforehand where it was going, anticipated its arrival, and by that split-second of anticipation beat the Englishmen to it. Several photographs show this graphically: a player about to make a shot, the white riders already swerving towards the new alignment while the dark tunics keep on in the original direction of play. Once, when Lacey knocked the ball out from behind his own goal line to three of his side waiting for it, Hitchcock, starting actually before the ball was hit, kept an accurate appointment with it, stopped it on the fly, and then with one clean shot drove it squarely between the goal posts.

Equally as intimate as their liaison with the ball was their foreknowledge of one another's intentions. Generally on a combined run down the field for goal the back of Number Three, if he is unhindered, will yell, "Leave it," to the man ahead of him on the ball, thus enabling his Number One or Two to ride off the opposing back and get up in position before the goal. Other contingencies involve some expression of intention or warning. But rarely was Captain Milburn's deep voice heard, a rare voice, vibrating with command. He didn't have to use it. Time and again, after a brief look over his shoulder, the flying Webb would abandon the ball to ride on into Lacey or Atkinson, and so clear the coast for the hotly pursuing Hitchcock or Milburn, while just as instinctively a vigilant Stevenson reined in to cover the defensive territory temporarily abandoned by his chief.

Football co-ordination by signal is impressive enough in its smooth perfection on the days of the big games. But here was a co-ordination as perfect between four men and four horses over a territory nearly three times as great without one signal, without a word. And here, then, was another, and perhaps the most determining, of the several ingredients of victory.

Practically all of the British horses brought over for the use of the challenging team have now become naturalized by recent sale in America. The Prince of Wales sold seven of his best ponies which he had contributed to the string besides the one he gave to little Miss Guest. Fairy Story, Lord Wimbourne's bay mare, which carried Lacey ahead of everything on the field during two chukkers, brought the top price of $10,500, and the rest were disposed of at prices ranging down to $2,000. This was the best array of polo ponies ever brought overseas. All agreed that there was little to choose between the equine strength of the two sides. In several encounters, besides brave Fairy Story's supreme bursts of speed, the challenging horses outran the best that we could do. It was not the horse, but the horseman—the Four Horsemen—who overwhelmed the invaders in holding the International Cup for three years more in America. By mutual agreement, on account of the extreme expense involved, an interval of three years must elapse before the cup may be challenged for again.

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Commerce vs. Militarism

Another Socratic lesson on fundamentals of citizenship and social progress

By CHARLES K. TAYLOR

IN previous articles I have shown how some very fundamental concepts were taught a class of boys by the "Socratic" method—a method which encourages the members of a class to develop the desired concepts themselves by means of questioning. These questions have actually been asked, the replies noted, and the lesson built upon the result. Should you care to experiment yourself, each idea should be developed before passing to the next, although frequently you may have to ask more questions concerning a particular point than space will permit here.

In this lesson the typical history of militaristic nations and of commercial nations is brought out by using Assyria to represent the first and the Arameans the second. Before beginning the questions a brief outline of the histories of these ancient nations had been given.

Teacher. We are talking about the Assyrians, who came from Assur, in the northeast corner of the Fertile Crescent. Were these people likely to be peaceable or warlike? Weak or hardy?

A Boy. They would have to be warlike, or Babylon would have crushed them.

Second Boy. They would be hardy, being surrounded by fierce people. They were most likely shepherds too, and that would make them hardy.

Teacher. Babylon was getting weak, and these Assyrians began pushing south and west. In the west they drove the Hittites back—and the Hittites were an intelligent and warlike race too. And then they ran across the city of Damascus, where the Arameans had their capital. Would it be any advantage to these Arameans to have their city between these Babylonian civilizations and Egypt, and at the same time in touch with the people of the eastern Mediterranean?

A Boy. Well, they could learn things from all those peoples.

Teacher. They did. They learned the alphabet, for instance, from the Phœnicians, farther south, and copied the Egyptian manner of writing with ink on paper, which was much better than using clay tablets. But what other great advantage would their situation give them?

A Boy. It would help them in trade—in commerce.

Teacher. In what directions could they develop this commerce?

A Boy. They might trade as far as India, and as far south as Egypt, and maybe with some places like Crete, where they made such fine pottery.

Teacher. That is just what happened. Their merchants moved continuously over the Fertile Crescent—from Egypt to the lower Tigris and Euphrates Valley. Now if these folk handled most of the trade, what advantages would it bring them?

A Boy. It would bring them wealth.

Second Boy. They would learn all the good things the other peoples knew.

Third Boy. They would build up a fine organization too.

Teacher. Would it make them friendly, or not, with the peoples with whom they traded?

A Boy. Friendly. You'd be friends with people you did good business with.

Teacher. Do you think the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Babylonians, and other folk would look upon the Arameans as enemies, or would they look upon them with favor?

A Boy. They would be friendly toward them.

Teacher. Sure enough. So they would. Commerce builds up alliances and friendships. What do you suppose holds the British Empire together—that is, Canada, South Africa, New Zealand, Australia?

A Boy. They are all the same people.

Teacher. Would that hold them together? Didn't any of their people ever break away?

A Boy. Sure! We broke away ourselves.

Second Boy. They hold together because they are afraid of England.

Third Boy. No, they aren't. England couldn't do a thing if they all broke away.

Teacher. Well, have they any advantages by sticking together?

A Boy. Yes; because if any one attacks England, or a colony, all can pitch in and help. Guess they hang together for strength.

Second Boy. And trade. They must trade with one another, and so keep together.

Teacher. Did England get these colonies through conquest?

A Boy. Mostly through commerce, I guess—even India, when ships began trading there.

Teacher. Well, when Babylon became weak, and the Assyrians began spreading over that part of the world, they came across Damascus. In 1300 B.C. the Assyrians began to spread, yet the Arameans were so well organized and so highly developed that they kept back the whole power of Assyria for centuries, though Assyria through this time was growing and getting stronger and stronger.

It wasn't till 732 B.C. that a military genius among the Assyrians captured Damascus, but the able Arameans still maintained their city and their commerce, and survived when Assyria went down to a deserved oblivion. In 722 B.C. an Assyrian general who was besieging Samaria seized the throne of Assyria and became Emperor, taking the historic name of Sargon, and so he is known as Sargon II, and he with his descendants for a couple of generations made Assyria one of the great empires of the world.

Sargon II began conquering all adjacent peoples. He then built a great city, called after himself Dur-Sharrukin, or, as we would say, "Sargonburg." It was a magnificent city, with ornate buildings, requiring a great amount of skilled labor, materials, and supplies. The total cost was tremendous. Were these Assyrians originally a wealthy people?

A Boy. No, they were shepherds and the like, half-wild people.

Teacher. How did they get the great wealth necessary for this building?

A Boy. They took it from people they conquered.

Teacher. Would they get much wealth this way?

A Boy. Sure, if they conquered many places like Babylon and Damascus and Samaria and other peoples' cities.

Teacher. What would become of such wealth?

A Boy. Well, we said they built their city and palaces with it. But I guess the king got a lot and generals and nobles got all they could get.

Teacher. Would this affect the way they lived?

A Boy. Guess it would. They'd take it easy, and I guess they'd begin blowing it in for a good time.

Teacher. And how about their

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sons? Would they be apt to be as able as their fathers?

A Boy. They'd be too used to taking it easy and having a good time.

Teacher. And *their* sons?

A Boy. They'd be no good at all.

Teacher. Then how would wealth gained through conquest affect the leaders of a people? And their descendants?

A Boy. It would make them soft. They'd be no good.

Teacher. Well, all that happened, but at first things went fine. A son of Sargon II, Sennacherib, conquered down as far as Egypt, as well as Greek cities in Asia Minor, and eastward he finally crushed Babylonia. And Esarhaddon, son of Sennacherib, conquered the lower part of the Nile Valley from the Egyptians. A little time before Egypt could have swept Assyria away, but the same thing happened to Egypt that is about to happen to Assyria.

And the Assyrians were very cruel. They would destroy a town if any man there rebelled, killing all the people as a warning. Has any modern nation used that plan?

A Boy. The Germans did in the war. They would take a big revenge for one or two that would resist them.

Teacher. Do you know of any modern nation that used the policy of "frightfulness" to keep conquered peoples in subjection.

A Boy. Germany used it in the Great War. They destroyed people and villages to scare the people and keep them quiet.

Teacher. Do you think this policy would work well?

A Boy. No, it wouldn't. It would make the people so mad they would hate the Assyrians and rebel against them whenever they got a chance.

Teacher. So you see the Assyrian Empire was made up of a lot of nations held together by force. Would these subject nations love Assyria, do you think?

A Boy. They would hate Assyria, but they might be afraid to do anything she did not like.

Teacher. Would they be loyal to the Empire in an emergency?

A Boy. No; they would break away at the first chance.

Teacher. How would Assyria hold the Empire together, then?

A Boy. By force. It would take a big standing army on guard all the time.

Teacher. Where would all these soldiers come from?

A Boy. If they had a very big army, I guess they'd get men from farms and from industries.

Teacher. Do you think such an army would use up many men?

A Boy. Fighting other people all the time and keeping down rebellions ought to use up a good many men every year.

Teacher. Where would they get more men to keep up their army?

A Boy. Where they got their first men—from farms and from industries.

Teacher. How would this weaken Assyria after a while?

A Boy. Well, they'd run short of farmers and workers.

Second Boy. And they'd be using up their best men all the time, too, leaving the weaklings home.

Teacher. But they had to have workers on farms and in industries, so what would they do?

A Boy. Well, I guess they'd use slaves and prisoners of war.

Teacher. Would these workers be loyal in an emergency? And would they work their best?

A Boy. No; I guess they'd be disloyal if they got a chance, and I guess they didn't do any more work than they had to.

Teacher. That is all true, and, furthermore, they had to use men from conquered peoples in their army. Would such soldiers be trustworthy in an emergency?

A Boy. They'd do Assyria all the harm they could.

Teacher. Can you think of a similar situation in the Great War?

A Boy. Yes; Germany and Austria had taken most of Poland, and Germany had taken Alsace-Lorraine from France.

Teacher. Would men from those districts be a real aid to the German and Austrian armies, or sources of weakness and danger?

A Boy. They would be disloyal, and surrender to the enemy if they got a chance, or even fight against Austria and Germany.

Teacher. Who can give now all the bad results of keeping nations subject with military force and of using this standing army for further conquests?

A Boy. It uses up the best men, and after a while only the men with poor physique and brains are left.

Second Boy. And slaves, or prisoners of war, or hired foreigners, have to take the place of the fit men who have gone.

Third Boy. Even the army, after a while, would have to take in disloyal men from conquered peoples or hired soldiers from other nations.

Teacher. All that happened; and meanwhile the steady, intelligent, commercial Arameans, though they had been conquered once, built up their commerce again, gaining almost all the trade of the Assyrian Empire, and to such an extent did business get into their hands that their language became more dominant, even in the capital—Nineveh—than the language of the Assyrians themselves.

And another thing. What was happening to the leaders—the able group that built up the empire in the first place and provided all the expert leaders?

A Boy. We said they got too much wealth from conquests and lived easy and went to pieces after a while.

Teacher. So now you have a great empire, holding many people subject, hated by all, maintaining a huge army, but with an army filled with disloyal men, with farms and industries filled with slaves and prisoners of war, and with the leaders weak and degenerate through luxury. What was more than likely to happen?

A Boy. Well, somebody was likely to take a chance and smash the whole thing—and it would go easy.

Teacher. True enough. First the Aramean tribes increased and began closing in from the west. Then the Kaldi, or Chaldeans, as we call them, united with the first Aryan peoples seen in that part of the world—the Medes and Persians—besieged Nineveh, and finally conquered and destroyed it. And all the peoples from the Persian Gulf around through Damascus and down into Egypt were wild with joy at the overthrow of their dreadful and cruel conquerors. And Assyria never came back! While the Arameans, with their rebuilt city, highly trained but small and defensive army, through their steady commerce made their influence felt from India to Egypt, and Damascus stands to-day, though but two hundred years after the fall of Nineveh Xenophon, the Greek leader, passed that way and found of Nineveh only a vast mound of mud and refuse.

Who can give now the heart of this discussion?

A Boy. I guess the most important point is that a military nation that tries to conquer and hold other countries is bound to go to pieces, because they destroy their own people, and because their empire would be filled with disloyal and rebelling people.

Second Boy. And they would go to pieces because their leading people would be weak and stupid through living in ease and with too much luxury.

Third Boy. And a country that kept a good army for defense, like the Arameans, and made themselves strong through commerce would be likely to last a long time.

Fourth Boy. And these commercial people would be the most civilized, for they would be bringing in new ideas all the time from all over the world.

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The Piano and Its Effect on Musical Style[1]

By Daniel Gregory Mason

What is Good Style?

MANY people consider that what is in good style is determined by fashion. It is good style, they would say, to wear furs in summer and transparent silk stockings in winter, because fashion has so decreed. Those who have more independent minds, less swayed by herd feeling, realize that fashion, the voice of the majority, is necessarily conventional, and often quite mistaken. Such was Thoreau's feeling when told by a tailor that he must have his coat cut a certain way, because "They are wearing them so now." "What have *They,*" asked Thoreau, "to do with *me?*" In the same way a woman of independence will know that furs in summer must always be in bad taste, because inappropriate. For it is appropriateness in a style, recognizable easily by common sense, that makes it good, and inappropriateness, however large a majority are too dull to recognize it, that makes it bad. Flimsy evening dress in a mining camp would be in as bad style as rubber boots in a ballroom.

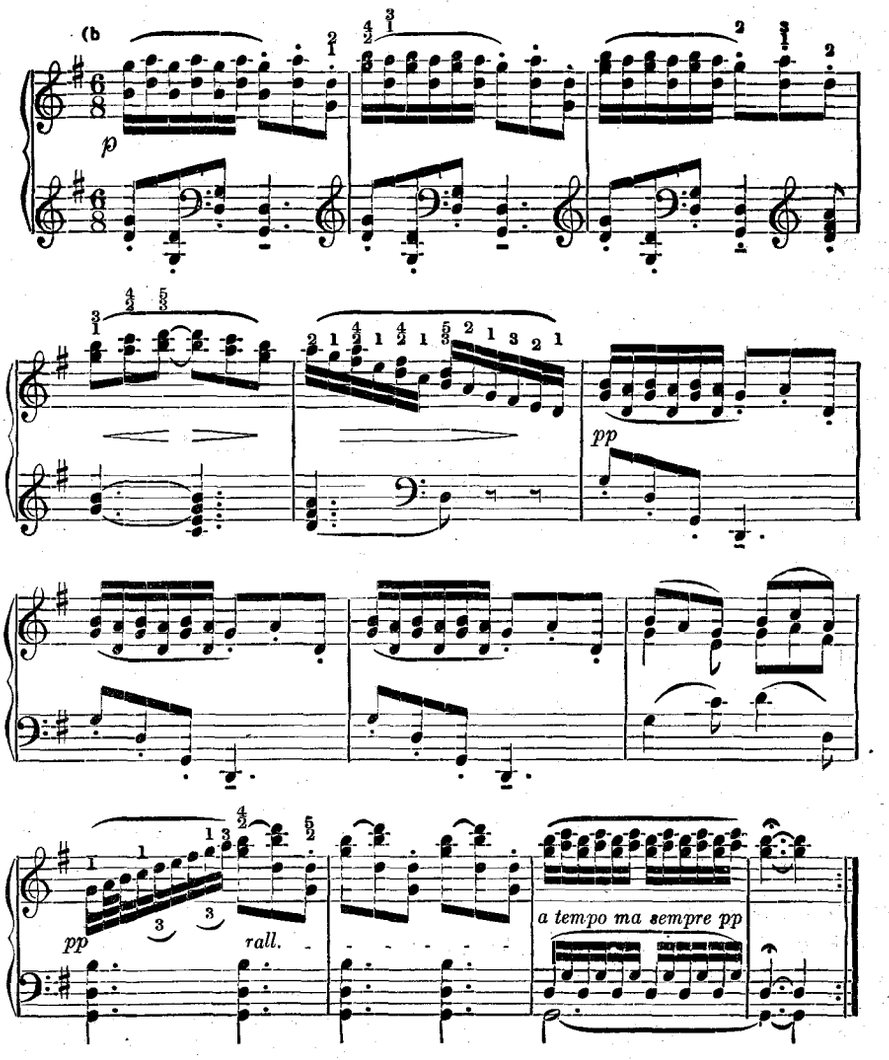
If we bear in mind that taste in art does not differ from taste in dress, we shall understand why it took the early composers for keyboard instruments a long while to work out a good style. The style they inherited, devised for voices, made use of those sustained melodies, smooth, flowing, and but slightly accented or rhythmed, that were exactly right for voices, but quite wrong for keyed instruments. If one lets one's fingers stray over the keyboard of a piano, one finds them naturally picking out *chords,* clusters of keys that fall conveniently into the grasp, just as in playing that very similar instrument the harp (Italian *arpa*) they naturally pick out "arpeggios" (broken chords). Detached chords, of which certain ones can be *accented* so that a strongly rhythmic effect is produced, are thus the natural medium of instruments quite as much as sustained or, as the Italians say, "*legato*" melodies ("tied together") are the natural medium of voices—instruments for the dance, voices for song. And so until instruments came into wide use in the seventeenth century dance had far less influence on artistic music than song. In the suite, the sonata, and the symphony dance and song are indissolubly blended.

The Harpsichord

ALL three of the keyboard instruments—the harpsichord, the clavichord, and the piano—share one fundamental peculiarity. Their tones are produced by a single action (in the harpsichord a plucking of the string by a plectrum, in the clavichord a pressing by a tangent which remains in contact with the string, in the piano a striking by a hammer which falls away), and these tones cannot be renewed save by a fresh attack. In this they differ fundamentally from the sustained tones, not only of voices, but of bowed instruments like the violin family and of blown instruments like the wood or brass wind and the organ. All these can sustain or even swell their tones. The keyboard string instruments have essentially non-sustained tones, which are loudest at the moment of attack and thereafter steadily dwindle. The harpsichord, therefore, will evidently be at its worst in slow singing melodies, where there will be holes between the notes, so to speak, and at its best in quick, rattling, highly accented pieces, where scales and arpeggios gyrate and flash, where there is an agreeably exciting strumming of strings, and where we are more dazzled by the brilliance and skill of the player than set dreaming by the beauty of his thought.

A temperament ideally suited to such an instrument was that of Domenico Scarlatti (1683–1757), who may fairly be described as the first virtuoso, and who in his rôle of "wizard" reminds us of the great piano virtuoso, Franz Liszt. "Scarlatti," says Mr. Philip Hale, "wrote music for his instrument, not music that might be, if necessary, played on it. Seldom does he weave a contrapuntal

Figure I.

From Scarlatti's "Pastorale"

[1] The substance of this article will appear in Mr. Mason's forthcoming book, "From Song to Symphony," to be published by the Oliver Ditson Company for the National Federation of Music Clubs.—The Editors.

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web. His speech is pungent, decisive. The short themes are like rapier thrusts. They are repeated with singular insistence. He loves to surprise in rhythm. He is seldom sentimental. The slow movement bores him." And not only Scarlatti, but most of the composers of those "sonatas" or suites of short pieces which were turned out by the thousands during the eighteenth century, Couperin (1668–1733) and Rameau (1683–1764) in France, Handel (1685–1759) and Bach (1685–1750) in Germany, wrote for the harpsichord largely in the spirit of dance, and with the rhythmic energy and freedom from sentiment appropriate to dance. All kinds of dances from all the countries of Europe went to make up their suites: lively bourrées and gavottes, courtly minuets, stately loures and polonaises, noble pavanes and sarabandes, and rollicking gigues and rigaudons. In all of these (save perhaps in the sarabandes of Bach, which often attain deep sentiment) we find the well-marked, strongly accented, and quite unsentimental style of playing suitable to the harpsichord.

To make up for its lack of sentiment the harpsichord, besides its brilliancy, had one invaluable faculty unshared even by the piano: chameleon-like, it could change its *tone-quality* or *color*. Its tones were started by plucking the strings with plectra or pluckers. Now these plectra could be made either of hard, brittle substances like quills, or of softer materials like leather, and the tone produced would be accordingly brilliant and clear, or soft and veiled. Different sets of plectra could be thrown into operation by pedals. In Scarlatti's well-known "Pastorale," for example, the first five measures shown in Figure I could be played with medium soft plectra, and the remaining measures with very soft ones, like an echo. Thus the frequent "echo effects" in the old music were contrasts not merely of loud and soft but of opposing qualities, like those of different stops in organ music, or of strings, wind, and brass in the orchestra. This is one of the peculiar effects of harpsichord music which is lost when it is transferred to the piano.[2]

The Clavichord

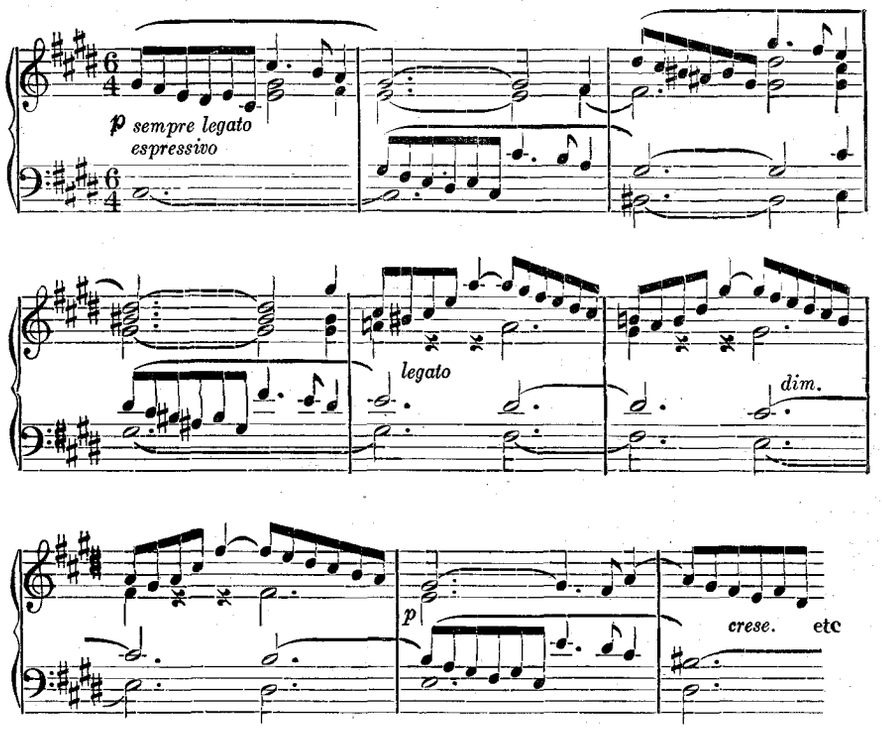
THE harpsichord of Scarlatti was smaller in size and weaker in tone than the modern piano. Still smaller and weaker was the clavichord, in which the tones were produced by the pressure of metal tangents or "touchers" on the strings instead of by plucking. Bach wrote for this little instrument one of the greatest works in all musical literature, the "Well-Tempered Clavichord." This devotion to an instrument with such obvious weaknesses and limitations (for it is also incapable of the contrasts of tone-color of the harpsichord) is explained by the supreme importance of expression in music, and the fact that the clavichord has an expressiveness nearer that of the human voice than that of any other keyed instrument, not excepting the modern piano. Through the tangents the player retains control over the strings and by varying his pressure can change their vibration, can coax from them a curious little quaver, called the *Bebung*, a sort of wistful tremble like that of the voice of one speaking with deep feeling. This gives an intimateness of utterance, a command of those relationships of loud and soft and light and shade on which expression depends, that more than compensate for any lack of absolute power.

Consider, for instance, such a characteristic bit as the opening of the Prelude in C Sharp Minor from the first book of the "Well-Tempered Clavichord" (Figure II).

How instinct with feeling is this melody! How the phrase soars up to that high C sharp with a natural swelling of tone that could be *sung*, as it were, on the clavichord, while it could only have been plucked on the harpsichord, and how tenderly and regretfully it sinks back to the G sharp, where it finds rest! And how confidently the same melody in the left hand corroborates in the second measure what the right has said in the first; how subtly and thoughtfully it varies in the fourth what the other says in the third! In all Bach's music is this sense of utterance, of something weighty and significant being said. His music is all inner feeling and expression; outward brilliance like Scarlatti's plays little part in it. He is very little a virtuoso, very much a poet. Above all, he has the self-control of the truly strong. He is content to suggest rather than fully to realize, and he loves the clavichord better than its bigger and coarser brother because he knows so well that art lives by delicate and just relations, and not by brute force.

Figure II.

Opening of Prelude IV, from "The Well-tempered Clavichord"

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

The Piano

MOZART, in whose time (1756–91) the pianoforte became a formidable rival of the earlier and smaller instruments, combined in himself the instinct of virtuosity which Scarlatti satisfied so well with his harpsichord and the instinct for pure beauty and noble expression which made Bach turn to the clavichord, and found both to some extent satisfied by the new instrument, for which he wrote a number of his later works. The increased dynamic range of loud and soft to which it owes its name (pianoforte means "soft-loud") must particularly have delighted him. Most pianists, it is true, fail to profit by this characteristic power of light and shade; they use only the loud end of the range, and ought to be called fortists rather than pianists; but in the hands of a true poet like Mozart the piano with its hammers has a far greater range than the clavichord with its tangents, and even

[2] In our own day harpsichords and clavichords have been manufactured by the Chickering Company, and played in concert by Arnold Dolmetsch, Arthur Whiting, Wanda Landowska, and others.

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with the necessary sacrifice of the *Bebung* is correspondingly expressive.

Even more important was a peculiarity of the new instrument of which Mozart was quick to take advantage. As the earlier keyed instruments, because of their quickly dwindling tone, had been able to produce the effect of sustained harmony only by striking the same chord over and over again, a special technique had been developed to break up the chords into repeated "figures," as they were called. Such we see in the excerpt from Scarlatti in Figure I, or in the well-known first Prelude of Bach in the "Well-Tempered Clavichord." Now as the piano developed, its tone became so sonorous that, in order to avoid confusion, felt dampers had to be introduced to stop the vibrations of the strings as soon as the fingers left the keys. The first result was to limit the "figuration" of chords to the stretch of the hand; and from this limitation arose the very formal, stereotyped figures for the left hand in the early piano music, known as "Alberti basses," and found even as late as in many of Beethoven's sonatas (See Figure III *a*). In 1780, however, was invented the damper pedal, which made it possible to lift all the dampers away from the strings by one motion of the foot, thus keeping in vibration all strings whose keys were struck until the foot was lifted and the dampers replaced. Simple as it sounds, this device revolutionized piano music. Not only did it make possible such free coursing of the left hand over the keys as we see in the example from Chopin (Figure III *b*), with its great improvement upon the Alberti bass in interest and sonority, but it eventually made possible effects of "fusion," "atmosphere," kaleidoscopic color, undreamed of by its inventors. Thus it was the steady advance of the piano in sonority of tone and brilliance of articulation, in rhythmic power through accent, in expressiveness through dynamic gradation, and in sustainment and fusion of tone through the pedal, that made possible the vigorous sonatas of Beethoven (1770–1827) and the romantic and warmly colored pieces of Schubert (1797–1828), Schumann (1810–56), and Chopin (1809–49).

It was, above all, Chopin whose marvelous sensitiveness of ear enabled him to work out all those possibilities of color that were latent in the instrument. The testimony, not only of his compositions (such as the A Flat Étude, the B Flat Prelude, and many of the nocturnes), but also of his contemporaries, makes his method unmistakably clear to us. "Imagine," said Schumann, writing of Chopin's own performance of the A Flat Étude, "an æolian harp that had all the scales, and that these were jumbled together by the hand of an artist into all sorts of fantastic ornaments, but in such a manner that a deeper fundamental tone and a softly singing higher part were always audible, and you have an approximate idea of his playing." Marmontel speaks of Chopin's "supple, mellow touch, sonorous effects of a vaporous fluidity of which only he knew the secret." Liszt described his modulations as "velvety and iridescent as the robe of a salamander." This beauty given to the musical image (the theme or melody) by an atmosphere of more delicate tone in which it floats—an effect peculiar to the piano and the harp, in which alone such fusion of many tones is possible—is all the more exquisite when the melody itself takes full advantage in the interest of expressiveness of the dynamic range of the modern piano. In such pieces as Schumann's "Romance" in F sharp major, or "Warum," or the exquisite "Prophet Bird," in many of Chopin's nocturnes and preludes, even in the "Songs Without Words" of Mendelssohn (1809–47), not to speak of more recent things like the charming "Lyric Pieces" of Grieg (1843–1907), we find a mingled beauty of songful melody and atmospheric harmony and color that the piano alone can render.

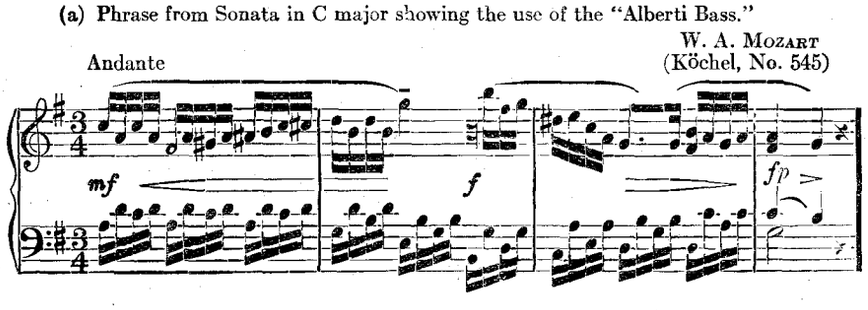
Meanwhile the mere physical form of the piano was increasing by leaps and bounds throughout the nineteenth century. The piano made by Cristofori in 1720, now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York,[3] weighs less than the iron plate alone (320 pounds) of a modern piano, which as a whole weighs 1,040 pounds. The older instrument has a range of fifty-four notes, the new of eighty-eight. "One or two octaves of the bass strings" in the modern piano "contain enough metal to string the Cristofori pianoforte throughout." The string on the modern piano corresponding to the highest note on the Cristofori "exerts a strain of 170 pounds for each of its three unisons. A few such strains would crush the frame of the Cristofori pianoforte like an egg-shell."

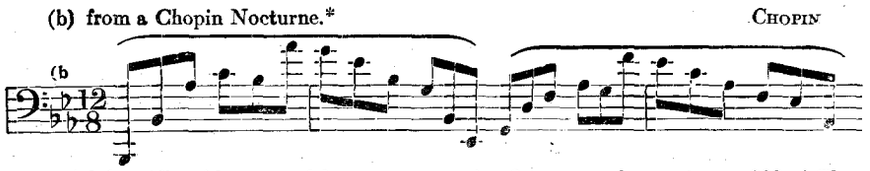
One natural result of this extraordinary growth was an abuse of the brute force of the new piano by those who lacked the taste or the self-control to respect its native limits. Despite the technical interest and even the musical beauty of much of his work, a prime offender in this abuse of the piano was Franz Liszt (1811–1886), who, essentially a virtuoso, piled up effect on effect, and boasted that the orchestra could do nothing that he could not reproduce on the piano. "Chopin," says Mr. Arthur Whiting, "was a harp and spoke as one of the harp family. . . . Liszt knew all instrumental languages and their idioms. The speech of the pianoforte was his mother-tongue, but it was interspersed with foreign words; orchestral expressions were so frequent that the pianoforte language was often crowded out. . . . Chopin and Liszt stood at opposite poles—Chopin withered in the presence of the public—Liszt was the creation of the public. . . . The playing of Chopin transported all to a land of romance where every one was king. The playing of Liszt thrilled, astonished, and overwhelmed. . . . Chopin's art was one of suggestion. He said: 'I only sketch; I let my hearers fill it out.' Liszt . . . furnished everything and expected from the public only cries of excitement or the silence of awe."

The "overwhelming school," as Mr. Whiting well names it, has on the whole failed to keep its hold on our interest. Like all sensationalism in art, it first ex-

Figure III.

(a) Phrase from Sonata in C major showing the use of the "Alberti Bass."



(b) from a Chopin Nocturne.*

*Other Alberti basses and freer accompanying figures are shown at page 203 of *The Romantic Composers*, by Daniel Gregory Mason.

[3] These comparisons are given by Krehbiel in his "The Pianoforte and Its Music," page 48.

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cites the nerves, then surfeits and jades them, leaving us indifferent and bored. Our fathers gasped in wonder at the athletic feats of a Rubinstein, and no doubt many attendants at piano recitals are still more impressed by noise than by music; but the better taste has decidedly announced its preference for the true pianistic style of Chopin, as it is embodied in his followers—Debussy (1862–1918), Ravel (1875), Scriabine (1871–1915), and other modern impressionists—whose study is rather that of delicate sonorities and shimmering atmosphere than of those massive pilings of tone on tone, of climax on climax, in which, after all, the orchestra is more at home than the piano.

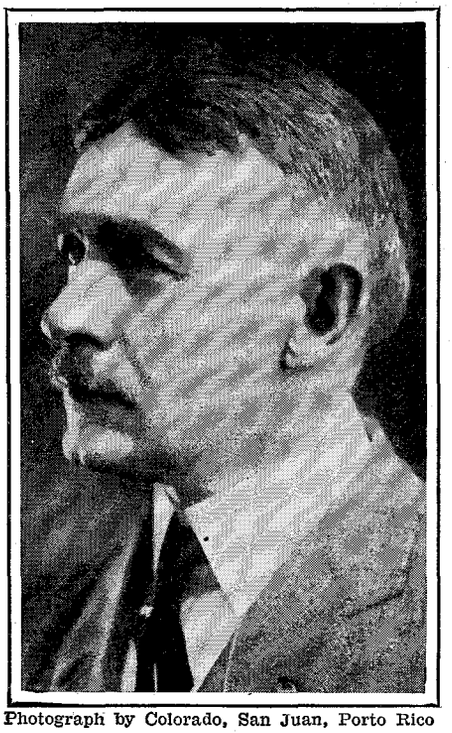
The Key to the Tropics

A new American medical school shows how that key can be made

By CAROLINE DAWES APPLETON

THE opening of America's first resident School of Tropical Medicine in San Juan, Porto Rico, will cast a shaft of clear light upon an obscure corner of the Nation's life—a scene that is Porto Rican and yet could be reproduced in at least twenty States of the Union, barring its attributes of local color. It is the home of the Porto Rican *jibaro* or mountain laborer, who is an American by act of Congress.

On the road to Bayamon, or that which leads to Manati or Aguadilla, or again that which twists in a scarlet ribbon of flamboyant trees through the humid valleys of Coamo into the hills above Gyuama, are small thatched huts elevated by stilts and crowded about with banana trees. They are leaning, abject, but fairly clean; they are well in the path of the purring motors of twenty makes of high-grade cars that streak past and take heed only of the quaint, the archaic, and the picturesque, and leave rickety walls and gaping children veiled in a cloud of dust. These houses are stricken by an ancient blight. It is called hookworm. It has a simple, sinister sound. In such a house, for instance, lives the woman Magdalena, in whose veins runs the blood of Spanish conquerors and a blend of the stately Indian of the Caribbean. Her many children, dark, straight-haired, deep-eyed, with an odd, small smile trembling about the mouth—all are named for saints or for those Porto Rican patriots, like Muñoz Rivera, whose names are the names of saints. Her husband, Juan Cruz, wields the machete of the cane fields, or, with Magdalena and all those children who can more than walk, picks coffee upon the hot, humid slopes that yield a fine berry. Recently, since the revolution in Brazil which reared a column of coffee smoke upon the southern horizon, the United States has come to learn what good coffee our godchild grows, down there—the same bean which France has



Photograph by Colorado, San Juan, Porto Rico

Colonel Bailey K. Ashford, Medical Corps, United States Army; international authority on uncinariasis and sprue; member of Author's Society of London and decorated by many European countries for distinguished War service. Dr. Ashford went to Porto Rico with the American Army and remained to investigate anaemia, which he discovered to be hookworm. His efforts brought about the establishment of the new School of Tropical Medicine in Porto Rico

ground for half a century. Upon this good harvest of the baronial planter Juan Cruz and his family depend for their rice and beans and for the worm which has been his undoing. It is Juan Cruz's curse that the very nature of his labor brings about the ills which weaken him so that he labors no more. The blight, like the word, is a simple, sinister one. Through it a certain historical opprobrium, the epithet "lazy" and the term "po' white trash," attaches to Porto Rico and to certain sections of the United States.

The entire physical and spiritual life of Juan Cruz and the woman, and the children whose names are blessed but whose future is bitterly problematical even under a benign parent government in Washington, is undermined by this blight.

Of the technical term uncinariasis, or even the simpler "hookworm," Juan Cruz is entirely unfamiliar. He is driven to the doctor, to the dispensary, only by the pressure of circumstance.

"Why have you sought our dispensary?" he is asked.

"I can no longer work," says Juan Cruz, adding with a note of chill desperation, "You must make me so that I can work." Then, when the whole anæmic, diseased condition has been revealed by the terse questions of the diagnostician—

"Of what did your father die?" he is asked.

"Eh?" says Juan Cruz dully.

"Your father. You say he had all these things the matter with him—don't you know what he died of?"

"Ah, si!" says Juan Cruz with brilliant assurance. "He died the natural death—*la muerte natural!*"

Thus it appears that the worm has become traditional. They who have died in laboring, sweating, half-starving droves in Porto Rico in the early days of hopeless ignorance of sanitation and hygiene—they died a "natural death" from which by the grace of God the brood of Juan Cruz is to be saved. Let us, by all means, to war upon the worm!

There is a new drive inaugurated by many powerful scientific foundations, operative all over the world. Their campaigns will be expensive and extensive.

Highly significant and important among these is the new School of Tropical Medicine in Porto Rico. The formal organization will incorporate the clinical

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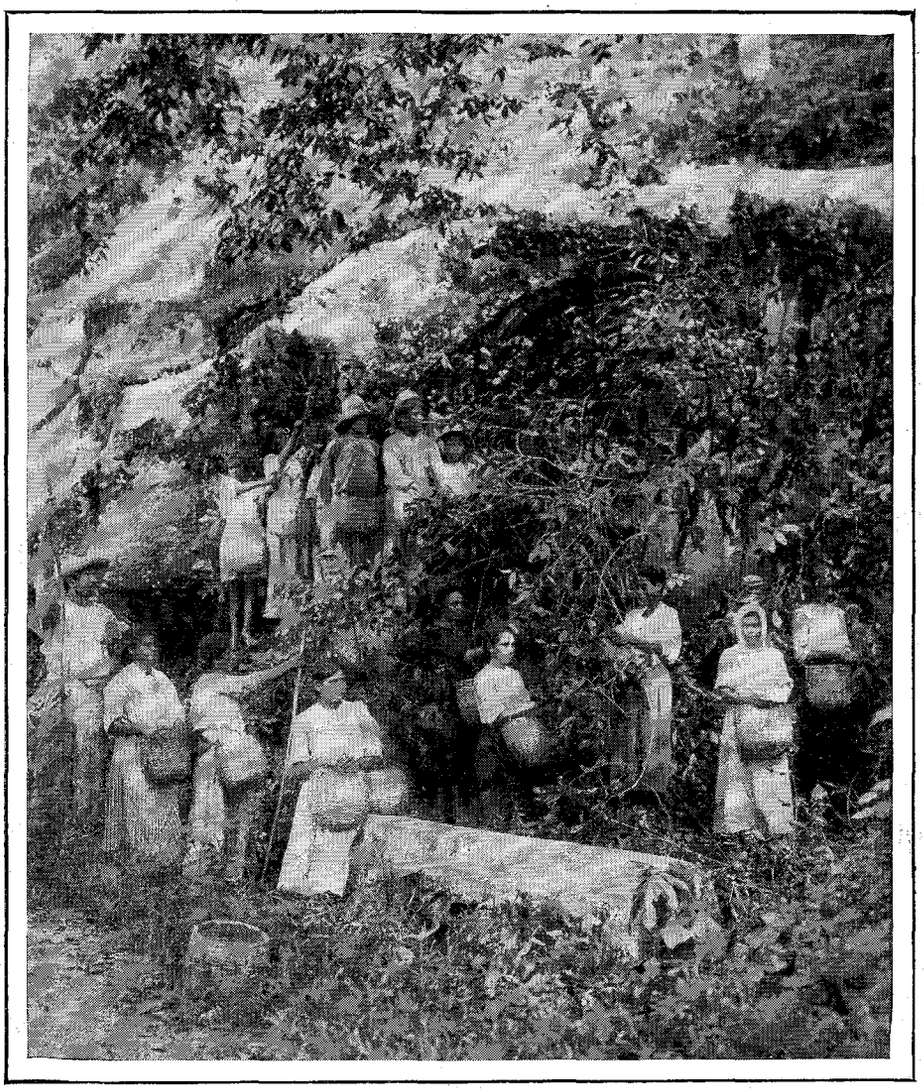
work and existing facilities of the former insular Institute of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene which was the outgrowth of the Porto Rico Anemia Commission headed by Colonel Bailey K. Ashford, Medical Corps, United States Army, which in 1904 began a campaign that successfully treated over 300,000 cases of what the world has since elected to call "hookworm disease." The School will be established under the auspices of Columbia University. Through the courtesy of Dr. Ashford, who resides in Porto Rico and devotes his energies to the eradication of disease from that tropical Eden (in which he claims to find perfection beyond any human dream of beauty!), The Outlook obtains the following announcement of the purposes of the School, which is the first of its kind to be established by American enterprise:

"The manifest necessity for an American School of Tropical Medicine *in the tropics* is great, and this school is the response to that necessity and is the first. In response to the rapidly increasing demand for men to carry American commerce southward the medical science is being called upon daily to furnish its quota of representatives, not only to care for Americans but to sanitate American tropical estates and to care for those who travel from the United States to tropical cities every year to remain for short periods. Not only this, but the laborers employed by Americans to work on their estates, most of them native to the soil, must be cared for as well, disease prevented, and the threat of physical inefficiency averted if American business, as in the case of the building of the Panama Canal, is to be a success in the tropics.

"When to all this we add those who desire to become medical missionaries, and the medical officers of the Federal Services who are carried into tropical conditions, we can see why an American School of Tropical Medicine in the tropics is a necessity.

"An arrangement has been made between Columbia University and the Insular Government of Porto Rico by which, with the Institute of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene of Porto Rico as a nucleus, a School of Tropical Medicine will be founded in San Juan, Porto Rico, under the administration of Columbia University.



Workers on a coffee plantation in Porto Rico—"The United States has come to learn what good coffee our godchild grows down there"

"The School will open November first. The first session will be centered in the Institute of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene, pending the erection of an appropriate building for which moneys have been appropriated by the Insular Government."

The curriculum embraces all phases of research and investigation in tropical diseases, and an inexhaustible wealth of clinical material is available.

There can be no doubt that this remarkable scientific gesture has had unusual support by the insular legislature, whose innovations and reforms have done fully as much towards the almost miraculous development of Porto Rico under a quarter of a century of American occupation as have the Americans themselves. Porto Rico has long been recognized in Europe as a rich field for scientific research, and the high ability of native scholars was an asset with which the Spaniards parted with some bitterness. Their sense of loss, remarked upon frequently in the pages of Spanish history, was perhaps unnecessary. Porto Rico's scholars have accomplished the difficult feat of remaining Porto Rican while assimilating a New World system of development. They have retained a scholarly use of the Spanish tongue and have added to it an exhaustive knowledge of English, French, and German.

The new School of Tropical Medicine will draw men from many countries and will serve to rewrite many pages of history. I am reminded by Colonel Ashford of the pictureful year 1765, when the dashing Field Marshal Alexander O'Reilly visited Porto Rico. He made report to his King upon social, fiscal, industrial, and religious conditions in the charming isle, and summed up the unfortunate inhabitants in a sweeping gesture of intolerance. "Lazy!" declared the Field Marshal; "and to encourage their laziness there is a balmy climate!" This flattering tribute to the climate has appeased Porto Rican pride, no doubt, but there remains the stigma of laziness. It is about to be removed from the otherwise fair page of Porto Rico's history. The island engages at this moment in a whimsical review of critical comment of this kind, secure that the stigma is about to be removed. A Benedictine friar in 1778 bewailed the poverty and improvidence of the Porto Rican; Colonel Flinter, an Englishman in the service of Spain, once expressed himself contemptuously of the cigar-smoking, hammock-swinging *jibaro;* and a M. Ledru, concluding a voyage on behalf of France, was struck with the lamentable condition of the *puertorriqueño* as being *d'une paresse et d'une insouciance inconcevable!*" This bitter historical injustice has

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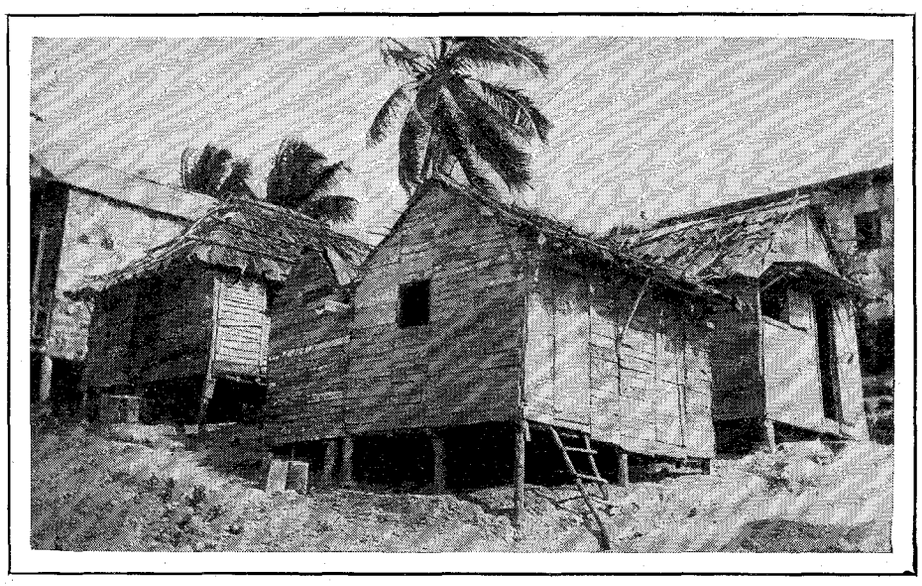
rankled. We should know. We have suffered it in behalf of some of our Southern States whose poverty and ill health have been but poorly understood and interpreted abroad. The apathy of our "po' white trash" need not be constitutional, but, like the indigent idleness of some Porto Rican *jibaros* who jarred upon Field Marshal O'Reilly's energetic consciousness, can be due to a worm!

At that it is an imported worm. Looss in a "Note on Intestinal Worms found in African Pigmies" speaks of "the occurrence of New World hookworm in natives of Central Africa," and in confirmation of this a Porto Rican, Dr. Guiterrez, traced the offending worm to the African Gold Coast, giving rise to the theory that it was brought to Porto Rico, as to the southern American Colonies, by "slave-traders who conveyed Negro slaves, in ships, in olden times." Probably Africa, which harbors so many historical phenomena, can endure the stigma, which, thanks to the lifted beacon of medical science in Porto Rico, is about to be removed from the continental and Porto Rican American alike. "These men are not lazy—they are ill," says Dr. Ashford in a valuable paper on "Uncinariasis in Porto Rico," published by the United States Senate. "The *jibaro* has been the lever which has raised the bank account of Porto Rico, and, with an average of forty per cent of hemoglobin and two and a half millions of red corpuscles per cubic millimeter, he has labored from sun to sun in the coffee plantation of the mountains, in the sugar estate of the coastlands, and in the tobacco fields of the foothills in addition to his personal co-operation in other industries and commercial enterprises. He is a sick man, and deserves our highest respect and merits our most careful attention as a vital element in the economic life of the island. The American people should take seriously into account his future, which at present is anything but promising."



Houses of the poor in Manati, Porto Rico—"These houses are stricken by an ancient blight; it is called hookworm"

It was, incidentally, the campaign by the Porto Rico Anemia Commission which was organized by Colonel Ashford, and of which the new School in Porto Rico is directly descended, that attracted the attention of Mr. Rockefeller, through Dr. Charles Wardell Stiles, who corroborated the baneful influence of the disease in our own Southern States and thus opened a treasury of millions to cleanse the entire world of an insidious disease.

Pretty Girls and Handsome Men

By George Witten

THEY were both good to look at. They represented the finest type of young Americans—athletic, energetic, and ambitious. She was small and graceful, with clear, intelligent blue eyes, smiling lips, a determined little chin, and chestnut curls that fell over a finely shaped forehead, distinctly feminine, yet obviously capable. He was of medium height and clean cut. Though not of powerful build, strength radiated from him. It was a strength of character rather than mere physical force. His dark eyes looked fearlessly toward the future. His clean-shaven face had still an eager, boyish expression.

They had met at a business college, where they had gone to reinforce their high school educations before commencing the real fight of life. Now they were entering the great business arena shoulder to shoulder—fearless and hopeful. Idealists, believing the world good and that honesty and hard work would overcome all obstacles to success.

On the upper deck of the ferry-boat Frank read to Mildred the "Help Wanted" advertisement that had lured him to seek a career in New York's financial district:

> Wanted—A young man who is not afraid. One who intends to win. One who is willing to work for success. To such a young man I have a real opportunity to offer.
>
> Manager, Blank Corporation.

Frank had found the Manager and perpetrator of this fine-sounding advertisement incased in a glass compartment in the bustling, businesslike office of a corporation that was proclaiming loudly to the world that they, and they alone, held the secret that would, when put into operation, revolutionize the steel industry.

The Manager greeted Frank with a manly handshake, silently appraising him for a full minute.

"I think you're the man I'm after," he said. "Your coming to me tells me you want to win. Knowing men, I can tell from your appearance that you are made of the right stuff. Be seated."

Frank took the proffered chair, his heart hitting a few extra beats at the thought of his coming up to the standard of this obviously great man.

Then followed a long explanation, in "strictest confidence," of the secret that was to revolutionize the steel industry and make millions for the men who put it into operation. First of all, this great enterprise needed men of proved sterling quality—men who couldn't be beaten. Next, it needed capital. Now the men who proved themselves by raising the capital would be the executives of the industry. Each would hold a position according to his merit—determined on by the amount he raised.

Of course the corporation could have a million dollars in a few days, but accepting it would mean putting the industry into the hands of the capitalists, and that would end in the enterprise being

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killed, because its success would be a tremendous blow to the big interests.

With the confidence of youth, Frank told the Manager of all his hopes and ambitions. The greatest of which, of course, was Mildred.

"Splendid!" said the Manager. "Mildred, you say, graduated with you at the Business College. There is a place for her here." He was full of friendly enthusiasm. "Bring her over to-morrow, and we will work out a plan by which you young people can make a place for yourselves in the world—working side by side." He slapped Frank on the back and threw a fat arm across his shoulders. "To-morrow, my boy," his voice was low and earnest, "we will start the big fight."

So Frank was taking Mildred to meet the Manager. Their eyes sparkled with the thrill of the enterprise on which they had set out. On that day they were going to start their big life struggle—just as did the daring young men and women who first ventured into the great American wilderness and together overcame obstacles and built homes for themselves.

The Manager beamed on them benignly. He loved honest people. The more honest and more credulous, the more he could make from them. Here was a couple he could mold to his own liking.

"I have been thinking of you young people," he said in his kindly, bland voice. "First we will go over the plan together for Mildred's sake; then I have drawn up two lists of people for you to see. It will only take a short time to raise the necessary capital. When that is done, we will open branch offices in all the big cities. I think we shall put you in charge of our Philadelphia office. You two could manage our force there very nicely."

After a further explanation of the "secret," he gave them each a list of prospective stock purchasers to call upon. In their first enthusiasm they did not notice that all the names on Mildred's list were men, and all on Frank's women. Later Mildred found that all her prospects were elderly business men, while Frank's were women of means around the ages of thirty-five and forty. After a few days Mildred was booked up for a number of luncheons and dinners. These elderly business men had too much to do during business hours to give their attention to a new enterprise, but they were always glad to go to some quiet restaurant where there were no distractions and talk the matter over.

At first Mildred had declined these invitations; then she found that her prospects lost interest in the enterprise. Well, she was out to win, and if it was necessary to eat lunches and dinners with elderly men to succeed, then eat she would. These tête-à-tête parties proved both pleasant and profitable. For generally Mildred's laughing eyes and Cupid's-bow lips could persuade her escort to take a little flutter, say, five hundred or a thousand dollars. These little flutters called for more dinner parties, and sometimes an evening at the theater. But she was "producing," and the Manager was highly pleased with her work.

She became an adept at "stringing" her prospects. Often the first small flutter of an investment was followed by a larger stake. Mildred had charm, she was a prize to be coveted, and the elderly business men had hopes. Mildred was always careful that she never entirely crushed these hopes; she would simply put off their fulfillment to another day.

This is one of a series of articles by Mr. Witten dealing with the wiles of fake promoters, who annually take a heavy toll from the American people

Life to her became one continual round of luncheons, dinners, and theaters, interspersed with rides in luxurious automobiles and occasional sails in yachts. Her commissions on the stock she sold were handsome, but it took most of this money to buy the clothes she found it necessary to have to keep up with the people and places she frequented. Of course her own resources were often augmented with costly presents of furs and jewelry from the more hopeful of her elderly admirers.

It was a relief to Mildred that she saw little of Frank these days, for he too was busy. Afternoon teas, luncheons, dinners, bridge parties, matinées, automobile rides, all took up his time. But he too was "producing," and the Manager was highly pleased with his work.

Ladies of uncertain age like to have their friends see them in company with a good-looking young man, especially if he is polished and attentive. Frank was both. He was no longer clean shaven, having cultivated a neat little mustache. He wore spats, carried a cane, and talked with a languid droll.

When Frank and Mildred were together on Sundays, as they usually were during the first few weeks after they became stock peddlers, their conversation was restrained. There was much that each had to hide from the other. In each other's presence they felt ashamed of the methods they were using to raise funds for the great enterprise, but they consoled themselves that they were merely working for a big purpose, and that when the funds were raised they would set the present life aside and settle down.

In time their Sundays were taken up by their prospects. For weeks they never saw each other. The Manager was shrewd enough to keep them apart in the office, and now they only went to the little town in New Jersey when they were worn out and needed rest; then they spent most of their time sleeping. The branch office in Philadelphia was forgotten, and the home they had planned seemed now like a childish dream. They were both blasé, cynical. They cared nothing for each other, or for any one else. Gradually they came to realize that they were part of a gigantic swindle, but it didn't worry them. When they did think about it, it was merely to look around for other fields of operation when the Corporation blew up, as they knew it would sooner or later.

There are hundreds of Mildreds and hundreds of Franks who by their charm and personality are separating unwary men and women from their money and turning it over to scores of Managers, who daily set their traps for young Americans of sterling quality, whom they can send out to unwittingly filch the public. These Managers are clever, and never are they guilty of even suggesting methods that are not honest and worthy. They merely engineer matters so that the young people they dupe are thrown into contact with necessary temptations. Read the "Help Wanted" columns of the Sunday papers, and you will find numbers of these trap ads.

The writer in answering these advertisements came across several concerns conducting schools for the purpose of training young men and women to become "gyp" stock salesmen. The instructors of these schools are loud in their denunciations of dishonest methods, yet in every lecture to their pupils they insidiously instill thoughts of schemes that would be sure to "produce," but which they know are dishonest and which they know many of the class will practice. These concerns not only rob the public of money, but they daily rob young men and women of their self-respect, and start them on the downward path.

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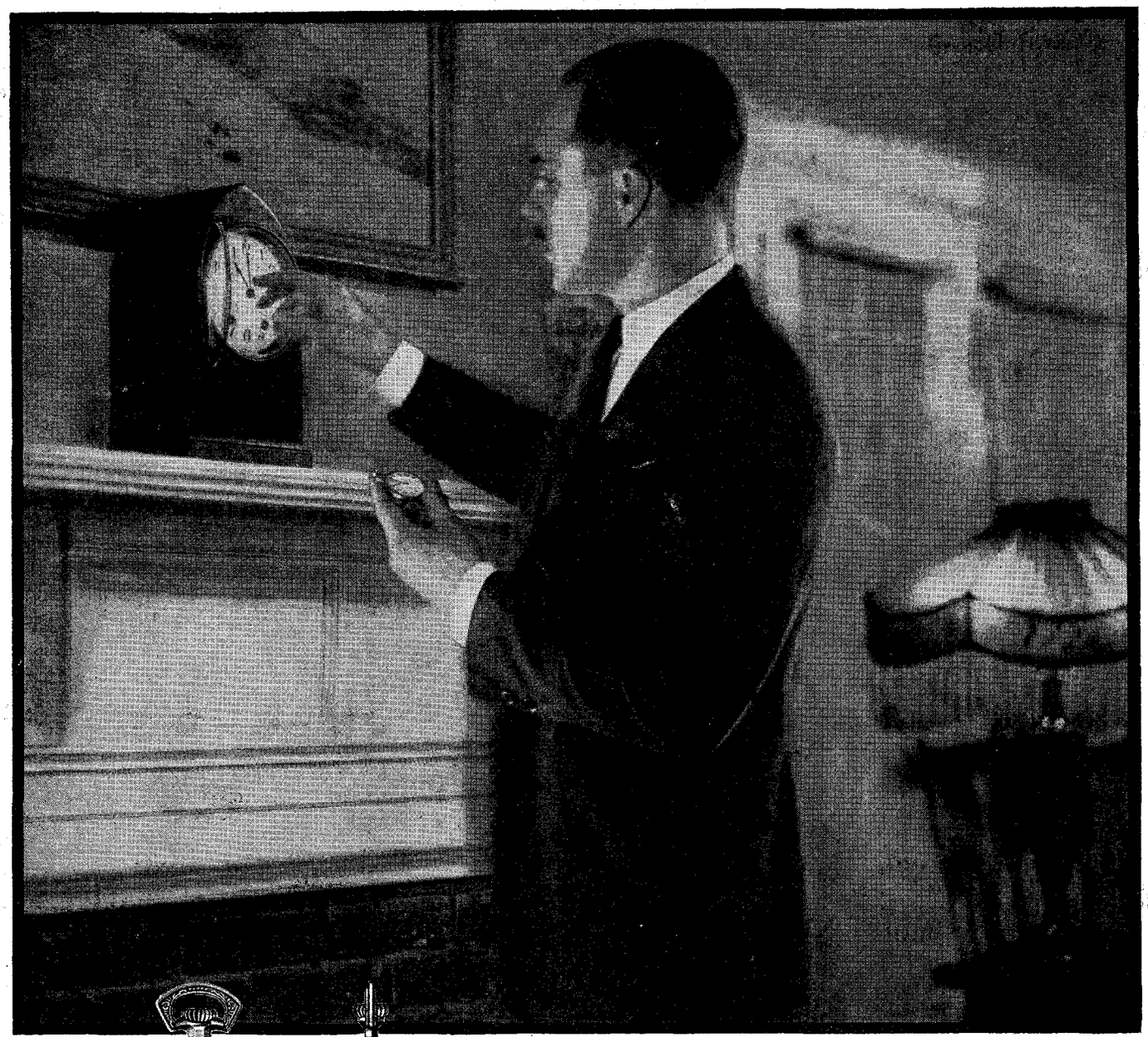

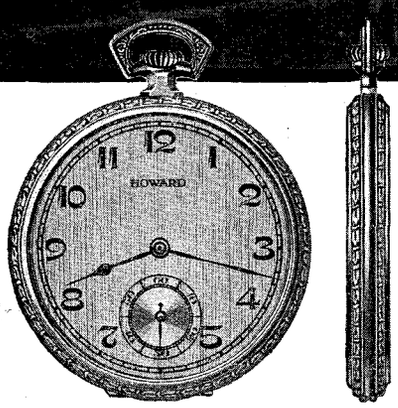

Howard Watches are made in various sizes and range in price from $60 to $180. Call on a Howard jeweler in your vicinity—he is a good man to know.

—tick -tick -tick -tick

IF MORE men carried Howard Watches, fewer households would be constantly in the dark as to the correct time of day.

Oh! the clocks in some people's houses! They may be fast, they may be slow—and nobody knows which—that is, for *sure*.

And that's another reason why "the man of the house" should be equipped with a thoroughly good, reliable, accurate watch. Howard Watches are providing accurate time, for clocks in thousands of homes.

THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE COMPANY

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The Book Table

An Amphibious Hobo

A Review by GREGORY MASON

WHETHER they deal with unusual experiences or not, most travel books are the work of mediocre or worse than mediocre writers. A few are the work of gifted authors describing ordinary experiences. Once in a blue moon a writer of rare talents describes experiences of unusual interest, and the result is a travel book to buy, borrow, or beg.

Such a volume is "Voyaging," by Rockwell Kent.[1] To begin his voyage Kent made a little preliminary jaunt of seven thousand miles, from New York to Punta Arenas, in a freight steamer. At Punta Arenas, on the Straits of Magellan, the southernmost city of the world, he bought a lifeboat from a wrecked steamer. "She was a double-ender, clinker-built, with light, bent ribs. The stem was splintered; seven planks were stove or rotten; she was warped, dry as a bone, and open everywhere. She was of slipshod factory construction, with every knee and brace a false one sawed from straight-grained plank. Such was our boat, a derelict. She cost me twenty dollars."

[1] Voyaging. By Rockwell Kent. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $7.50.

In this boat Kent and his partner in adventure, an erratic young Norwegian, the ex-mate of a windjammer, started for Cape Horn. All circumstances considered, it seems fair to say that the feats of Thomas Fleming Day, William Nutting, and John Kelly, each of whom crossed the Atlantic in a small sailboat, were cautious and colorless by comparison with Kent's accomplishment.

When Kent and his partner reached Tierra del Fuego at the head of Admiralty Sound, they left their boat and took to their feet. With nothing else to carry them, they cut a new trail across an unexplored piece of mountain range. Footsore and penniless, they made their way to the small town of Ushuaia, the southernmost village in the world, as Punta Arenas is the southernmost city. Nearly everywhere they were hospitably received by Indians, poachers, outlaws, and exiles, who considered Kent's flute-playing ample compensation for the food and lodging given to the wanderers. At Ushuaia, Kent borrowed a small sloop. In this he penetrated the Wollaston Islands to within a few miles of Cape Horn, when the boat's proprietor lost his courage, in the face of snorting weather, and turned homeward.

Even from such a brief sketch it can be seen that this was an adventure rare enough to give even a commonplace writer an interesting book. But Kent's record of his voyaging is a work of art. To those who enjoyed the drawings with which Kent illustrated the story of his Alaskan experiences in "Wilderness" the black-and-white illustrations in this volume will be a delight. Moreover, the book is delightfully written—now and then there are really purple patches in Kent's prose.

Not the least of the abilities of this versatile amphibious hobo is his knack for picking out the important facets of everything he sees. As he crosses the track of Darwin's ship Beagle (which, by the way, a great passenger vessel is soon to follow in circumnavigating the whole continent of South America), and as he picks up the footprints of the early missionaries and traders, his comments have the nutty flavor of good biography and history.

A rollicking spirit blows through "Voyaging," crude sometimes, but clean and strong like the winds of the Horn. Here is a specimen, a glimpse of the weary American and the lame Norwegian arriving at Ushuaia:

> . . . The mate was spent with pain.
>
> "Let's rest a bit," he said as we reached the outskirts of the town, "because we've got to blow in in style."
>
> In a few minutes he could stand it. With heads thrown back and swinging arms, to our marching tune of "John Brown's Body" we tramped in.
>
> The dogs announce our coming, folk come to their doors and stare.
>
> "Where are you from?" asks a fellow.
>
> "Admiralty Sound."
>
> "God! Where are you going?"
>
> "CAPE HORN!"

Courtesy G. P. Putnam's Sons.

From "Voyaging," by Rockwell Kent

The New Books

FICTION

HISTORICAL NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT (THE). By Rafael Sabatini. 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

Dramatic episodes of history (similar to Dumas's "Celebrated Crimes") related by a novelist and historian.

RED SAND. By T. S. Stribling. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.

Offhand it is hard to recall any American novelist since Richard Harding Davis who has had much success with the Latin-American scene. Our fiction writers with a flair for exotic background go to Africa, the Near or Far East, and

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Which Type of Character Is YOURS ?

Quick Thinking, Quick Acting Type

Slow Thinking, Quick Acting Type

Quick Thinking, Slow Acting Type

Moderate, Well Balanced Type

Signs That Reveal Character —at a Glance

Do you know some people who look like the types shown above? Do you know some who have the mouth of one, the nose and eyes of another and the ears of still another? The size and shape of their features tell exactly what kind of men and women they are. Learn the meaning of these little facial signs and you have the wonderful secret of analyzing character, which is the sure, quick way to business and social advancement

WHEREVER you go—whatever you do—you are bound to meet people. Your ability to say and do the things that please them—your ability to make them think what you want them to think—to make them believe what you want them to believe—to make them do what you want them to do—all this depends on your ability to size them up.

That is the real secret of putting big ideas across in every business—it is the secret of popularity—it is the secret that makes men big—it is the secret which, consciously or subconsciously, lies behind every success, in every field of human activity.

How to Read Character At a Glance

Written on the face and body of every man, woman and child are unmistakable signs of their character and abilities. The color of their hair, the size and shape of their hands—the eyes—nose—chin—all denote certain definite traits of character. These signs and their meanings have at last been classified and tabulated in an amazing new course which shows you how to analyze yourself and others at a glance.

In this wonderful new course, entitled "Reading Character at Sight," Katherine M. H. Blackford, M.D., the world-famous character analyst, reveals the tell-tale signs that denote both character and abilities. Dr. Blackford has been employed at record fees by such corporations as the Westinghouse Electric and Mfg. Co., the Scott Paper Co. and other big concerns, to pick and place rightly the men they employ. And 98% of Dr. Blackford's selections have made good at the jobs in which they were placed.

As a result of Dr. Blackford's revelations thousands of men and women have decided just what their life work really is and have thereby doubled and tripled their salaries. Others have saved themselves from business disaster and unscrupulous partners. Many salesmen are using the knowledge they gained to judge and approach their prospects. Executives use it in dealing with their employees. Lawyers are finding it of great help in their court work and in their action toward clients. Public speakers employ it in judging their audience, and in debate.

Leaders of Men Are Readers of Men

Every great success is built on the ability to judge people. Rockefeller, Carnegie, Ford—every prominent man you ever heard of—succeeded largely because he knew how to pick men accurately and quickly. The man skilled in character reading looks upon a stranger as on an open book. Ease and confidence are his, due to a complete knowledge of that person's true character.

And now you too can acquire this success-making power through Dr. Blackford's wonderful new course "Reading Character at Sight." These seven interesting handy booklets are well-bound and printed in large clear type. They contain scores of half-tone illustrations which bring out clearly the important little points emphasized by Dr. Blackford. They show you how to quickly analyze yourself and others. Maybe you are in the wrong job. Perhaps your real ability is being wasted. If so it may be costing you thousands of dollars every year. Don't go on in doubt when a few minutes' pleasant reading will reveal startling truths about yourself.

Send No Money Special Offer

Over 100,000 delighted people paid $5.00 for Dr. Blackford's remarkable system. Now, thanks to a huge printing, you can get this splendid course for only $1.98. Mail the coupon at once and when the postman hands you the course deposit this special price plus delivery charges with him.

Keep these seven wonderful booklets for five days—examine them thoroughly—put their teachings into practice and note the immediate results. Then, if you're not absolutely satisfied, return the course to us and we will promptly refund your money. Mail the coupon now. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. B-410, Garden City, N. Y.

Over 100,000 Sold At $5.00

We have just printed a splendid new edition of Dr. K. M. H. Blackford's "Reading Character at Sight." The edition was large enough to permit us to offer the famous course at a fraction of the former price.

NOW ONLY $1.98 PLUS DELIVERY CHARGES

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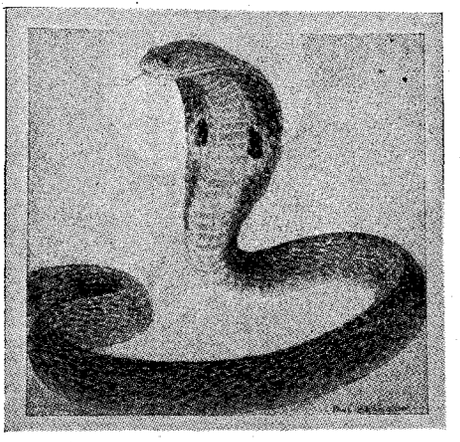

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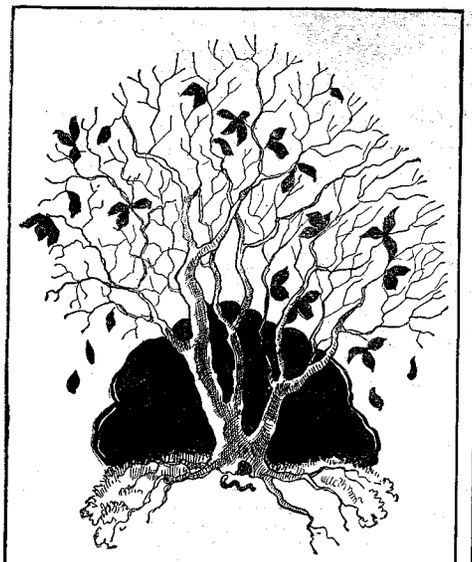

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of that gentleman is insensibly heightened. If Jones has been a fighting man and made enemies, Smith is his predestined champion. Mr. Cody has a little of the air of proprietorship which belongs to biographers in general. He leans too readily towards superlatives in his praise of Poe as man, poet, and creative thinker.

His sense of humor does not always serve him. He does not seem to feel the frequent bombast and hifalutin of Poe's private letters. He finds only beauty in Poe's relation to the child cousin whom he married; and he finds nothing ludicrous in Poe's philanderings with other women. There is something resembling Swift's relations to Stella and Vanessa in Poe's attitude towards his feminine admirers—Mrs. Shew and Mrs. Osgood and Mrs. Whitman, and the more or less mysterious "Annie" (also a Mrs.) of Lowell. For years he made love on paper to both Helen and Annie in terms far short of the dignity of real passion. They are immature, mawkish, like the letters of a schoolboy to a classmate or the pretty schoolma'am. The sooner they are forgotten, the better; and with them should have been burned long since such letters as the hysterical and illiterate (and, alas! complacent) screed from "Annie" here reprinted by Mr. Cody as evidence that she, among all his women, was really Poe's "best friend." To put it baldly, Poe in his relations to women was chiefly spoony, and Annie was a fit and safe person to spoon with.

Of Poe's status as poet Mr. Cody is an excellent assessor. He does not claim too much. His contention that Poe, in revising it, always improved his verse for the better is doubtfully borne out by the examples quoted here; and too much weight is laid upon the poet's famous analysis of his own methods, as applied in particular to the composition of "The Raven." We have always suspected that Poe was "spoofing" in that article—or whatever may have been his solemn equivalent for that cheerful process. For Poe as a "creative thinker" of a high order this writer hardly makes out his case. He was a creative artist, within almost the narrowest possible range, the beauty-love-and-death range of adolescence. Otherwise he was an ingenious theorist upon art, with flashes of inspired insight. To try, as Mr. Cody tries, to make a world philosopher of him, on the basis of works like "Eureka," is to confound the rainbow with the sun. "Eureka," says Poe, is a prose poem, in which he "designs to speak of the Physical, Metaphysical and Mathematical—of the Material and Spiritual Universe—of its Essence, its Origin, its Creation, its Present Condition and its Destiny." A

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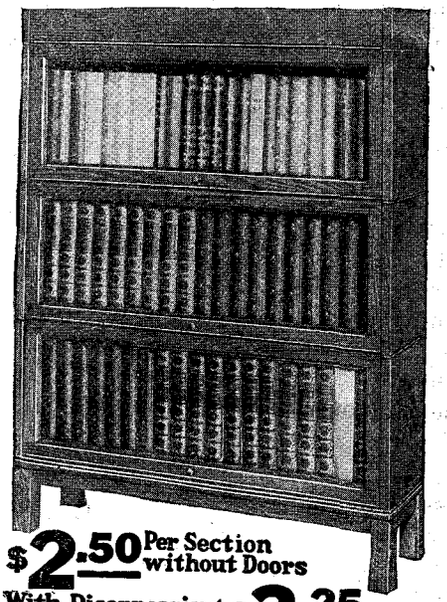

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tolerably broad design, and somewhat inconsistent with Poe's expressed belief that a poem must be short, and that "Paradise Lost," for example, is therefore inferior as poetry.

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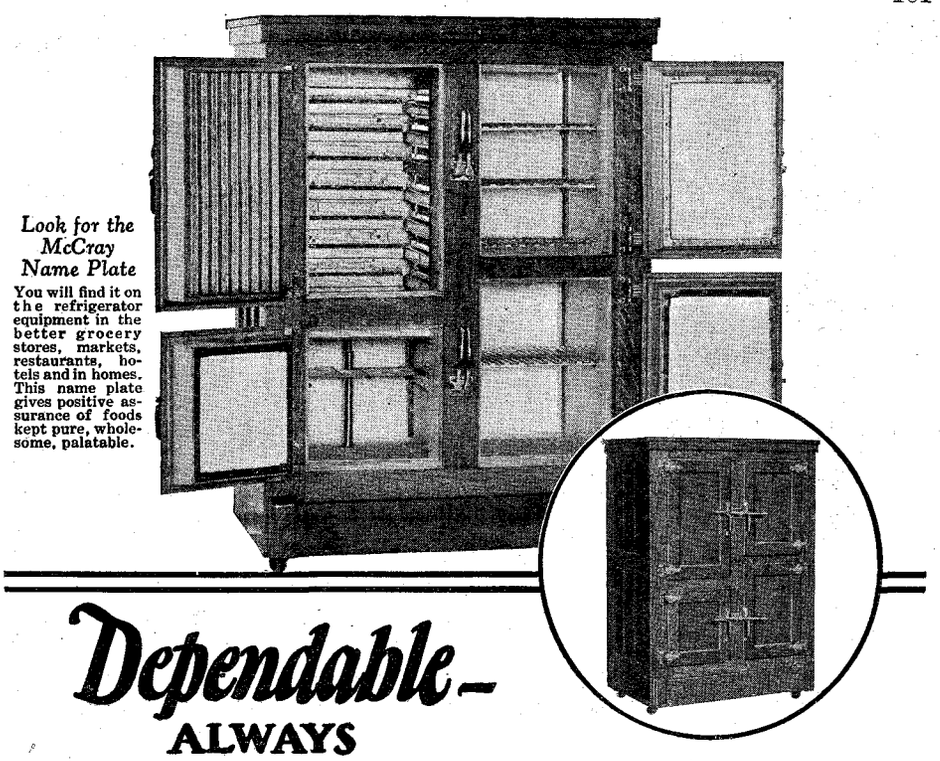

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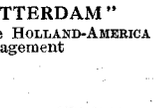

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Are you planning for a tour to Europe next summer or interested in a winter cruise? Would you appreciate the advice of experienced traveler, representing impartially all companies? *Write*
Dr. H. W. DUNNING, Brookline, Mass.

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HOLLENDEN *Hotel*
Most Convenient Location
Highest Class Service
Not Expensive

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Pine Ridge Camp Actually Mid the Pines. Ideal place for outdoor life in winter. Main house and cabins with sleeping-porches. Modern improvements. Pure water. Electric lights. Excellent table. Rates moderate. Open all the year. Write Miss SANBORN, Aiken, S. C.

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TWO BOSTON HOTELS

which offer you complete hospitality in that atmosphere of intelligent comfort which has made the homes of the Back Bay famous.

The LENOX
The BRUNSWICK
On either side of Copley Square

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Hotel Hargrave
106-112 West 72d St., running through to 71st St., New York
300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Single rooms, per day, $3 to $4. Double rooms, $3.50 to $4.50. Suite, $5 to $7. Parlor, two double bedrooms, bath, $8 to $10. Send for illustrated booklet J. J. E. GRAPE, Prop.

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq., New York City
Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, Manager.

New Hampshire

BEMIS CAMPS
OVERLOOKING KIMBALL LAKE
Near the White Mountains. The place you've always wanted to know about, where you could rest and enjoy yourself. Boating, bathing, fishing, tennis, horseback riding, mountain climbing. Nights around the campfire. Private cabins. Reduced rates for September. Address H.C. Bemis, South Chatham, N.H.

Real Estate

New Jersey

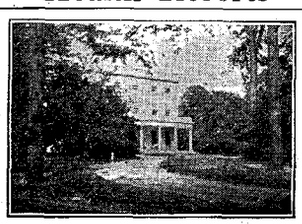
Englewood, N. J., for rent, furnished
1 year, 10-room house, 2 baths, garage, garden. In desirable location. 2 blocks from trolley, 10 min. walk to station. S. H. Stevens, 73 Linden Ave. Phone 2085. Best references required.

Camp, private, children's. 24-room house, fully equipped, private beach; good following. Owner must sell through illness. Collins, General Delivery, Long Branch, N. J.

New York

FOR RENT, in FLUSHING, L. I. Charming shingled house (cottage), 10 rooms, 4 baths, modern conveniences. 2-car garage. Telephone Flushing 2246. 2,713, Outlook.

Health Resorts



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Private Hospital
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Comfortable, homelike surroundings; modern methods of treatment; competent nurses. 15 acres of lawn, park, flower and vegetable gardens. Food the best. *Write for booklet.*
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A Mart of the Unusual

Let me sell your slightly used gowns, suits, wraps, and children's clothing on commission. More satisfactory than to sell for cash. MAY A. SHANNON, Wakefield, R. I.

Old-Fashioned Cider Apple Sauce; also Pasteurized Sweet Cider. Direct from farm. Sealed sweet keeps sweet. Circulars and prices. Lee o' the Mountain, Wilton, N. Y.

BOARD AND ROOMS

FOR rent, one room with garage, in private family near Miami, Fla.; no invalids or children taken; references required. 5,446, Outlook.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

CO-OPERATIVE PLACEMENT SERVICE. Institutional executives, secretaries, social workers. Housekeepers, dietitians, cafeteria managers. Governesses, companions, mothers' helpers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite C 5842, Washington, D. C.

WOMAN—Publishing house has permanent sales position to offer woman of keen intelligence, capable of earning $100 per week; previous business experience not necessary; education, refinement and determination to put through whatever you undertake essential for success; traveling required; all transportation paid; liberal drawing account and commission basis. Write, stating age and qualifications to B. E. Sparrow, 50 West 47th St., New York City.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

YOU HAVE FRIENDS who would be glad to buy inexpensive and original Hand Made dresses for little girls. Have you time to show ours? No investment required. Box 156, Davenport, Ia.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Young woman able to drive car and assist in care of boys 4½ and 7 years old. Attractive country home. 5,421, Outlook.

MOTHER'S helper wanted for two small children near Wilmington, Del. State experience, salary expected, references. Address Mrs. N. T. Booth, New Castle, Del.

MIDDLE-aged woman as working housekeeper for teacher and elderly father. Small pay, but comfort and independence of an attractive suburban home assured. Miss Ferry, 1 Hicks Place, Flushing, New York.

MOTHER'S helper, conscientious, willing, neat, cheerful, for young child. Desirable home. State experience, salary, and references. P. O. Box 6, Greenwich, Conn.

COMPETENT chauffeur-gardener, single, Protestant, for small country place. Personal references required. Salary $85. P.O. Box 105, Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

NURSE, capable, refined, wishes position with invalid. Long experience. Highest physician's reference. Can travel. 5,430, Outlook.

Business Situations

FORMER directress of business women's club house desires some executive position. 5,408, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED librarian desires position. References. 5,457, Outlook.

WANTED—Position to assist or active partnership in a tea room requiring small investment. 5,455, Outlook.

WHOLE or part time secretarial position in or near New York wanted by experienced college graduate. Literary or philanthropic work preferred. 5,470, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

POSITION as housekeeper or companion by a middle-aged gentlewoman with excellent references. 5,454, Outlook.

LADY, qualified by training and experience in the management of children, private or institutional position. Best of references. 5,458, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as companion by refined middle-aged woman with elderly man or woman; traveling preferred. Address Box 45, Poughquag, N. Y.

EDUCATED, refined young woman as home manager, chaperon, or companion. Exceptionally capable. 5,461, Outlook.

WISH employment as mother's helper or companion. 5,451, Outlook.

DIETITIAN, varied experience, schools, social service. Highest references. 5,463, Outlook.

WOMAN doing practical nursing and companion, used to traveling, can give doctors' reference on chronic cases. 5,465, Outlook.

COMPANION-nurse. Experienced trained nurse, R. N., seeks position; willing to travel. Best of references. 5,471, Outlook.

USEFUL companion and household assistant (where maid is kept) by kind-hearted woman of fine qualifications. 5,416, Outlook.

COMPANION-secretary — Young woman, educated, social and business training, adaptable, dependable. Years of European experience. 5,419, Outlook.

REFINED and well educated young lady desires position as companion. Excellent references. 5,437, Outlook.

WANTED, by married man, position as poultryman or gamekeeper. Best references. Apply 5,436, Outlook.

YOUNG woman (colored) would like to work for room and board in home near Simmons College. Is a good seamstress. Excellent references. 5,449, Outlook.

TRAINED woman superintendent children's home, now employed near New York, wishes change to South. References. 5,453, Outlook.

WOMAN, capable, experienced, desires position as housekeeper in refined home. 5,460, Outlook.

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SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

CAPABLE executive, mature American woman, normal school and hospital graduate, desires superintendency of institution for adults or children. 5,459, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TO teach English. Nine years' experience in school and college. 5,448, Outlook.

RELIABLE and capable practical governess, American, Protestant, wishes position of trust. Understands physical care. Or as companion or assistant in the home, or charge of motherless children. Excellent references. 5,467, Outlook.

GOVERNESS, companion, mother's assistant; experienced, educated woman. 5,452, Outlook.

MONTESSORI teacher wishes class or private pupils in or near Washington; children 3 to 12. Two certificates from Dr. Montessori, normal diploma, experience in many kinds of teaching. 5,464, Outlook.

KINDERGARTNER.—Experienced kindergartner wishes to teach small group of children in Manhattan. Miss Howson, 489 West End Ave.

STATIONERY

PERSONAL STATIONERY—200 single or 100 double sheets, 100 envelopes, printed in dark blue on good bond paper, $1. Frank B. Hicks, Macedon Center, N. Y.

MOST desirable printed stationery for personal use. Your name and address on 200 fine quality bond note sheets and 100 envelopes for $1, postpaid east of Denver; elsewhere, $1.15. Folded sheet style, $1.50. Record Press, Box 127, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Thousands of Outlook customers. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

SCHOLARSHIPS in boys' Prep school available to athletes and musicians. Box 926, Stamford, Conn.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Hattie Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

LADIES—Let Patricia Dix help you with that next club or study paper. Information upon request. Rates reasonable. 5,445, Outlook.

WRITERS.—Let an experienced former Government and Carnegie Institution editor relieve you of the drudgery of manuscript revision and typing. Write for rates and references. Benj. F. Mann, Bedford, Pa.

PLAY the game "A Study of Shakespeare." Instructive, entertaining! Test your knowledge. Price 50 cents. The Shakespeare Club, Camden, Me.

WILL those having letters or other biographical material, including anecdotes, concerning the late PRESIDENT HYDE of Bowdoin, kindly communicate with Charles T. Burnett, Brunswick, Me., who, at the request of those close to the late president, is undertaking a biography.

WANTED—Care of little girl of good family in my home. Refined environments. Will sew for and tutor her. References. 3711 23d St., Bryan, Tex.

With the rush of Fall activity, place your wants in The Outlook Classified Section. It reaches a selected group of people in a select manner of classification. Your advertisement just cannot get lost. Comments like "Because I saw it in The Outlook Classified Section, I have more faith in it," indicate the worth of advertising in The Outlook.

Department of Classified Advertising

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

381 Fourth Avenue New York City

By the Way

THE removal of $3,000,000,000 in cash and securities belonging to the Federal Reserve Bank in New York City to its new building has been characterized as the greatest conveyance of treasure in the history of the world. As the amount of coin and bullion transported is not given as compared with the paper valuables, the statement may be open to question. "Treasure" in the old days meant gold, silver, jewels, and such like. When the barbarians under Alaric sacked Rome, they may have "removed" a greater booty. Among other quantities of treasure taken in war, it may be recalled that when Lord Anson captured a Spanish galleon in 1743 it required thirty-two wagons to carry the captured specie and plate, which were paraded through the streets of London in a kind of triumphal pageant.

From "Boys' Life:"

"Auntie, will you please wash my face?"

"Why, Bobby, I thought you could do that yourself."

"Well, I can, but I'd have to get my hands wet and they don't need it."

An English paper tells the story: Two inmates of a lunatic asylum were comparing notes. Said one: "How were you found to be 'loopy'?" "I don't quite know," replied the other, "but this is what happened. A gentleman for whom I did odd jobs decided to sell up and go abroad, and said that anything not disposed of at the sale should be given to his Scotch servant. I asked if I might have anything the Scotch servant didn't want, and they put me in here."

The following advertisement appears in a New York City newspaper:

PUBLIC NOTICE

THE LEAVENWORTH SCHOLARSHIP

at Hamilton College, yielding annually $500, is now vacant. It is open for competition to all young men of the name of Leavenworth. Address Dr. F. C. Ferry, President, Hamilton College, Clinton, New York.

E. M. COUGHLIN, Bursar.

The Leavenworth family, the beneficiaries of the scholarship, is apparently not numerous, as it is represented by only five names in the New York City telephone book. The name suggests that of the much more numerous one of Leathers as celebrated by Daniel Webster, who, it is said, before serving guests at his hospitable board, asked each one, "Is your name Leathers?" In explanation, he told this story: An Indian named Leathers once saved the life of a Colonial merchant who in gratitude promised to give [illegible] certain day a jug of molasses to every Indian by the name of Leathers who applied at his store. On the appointed day the store was invaded by a vast throng of Indians, and the surprised merchant addressed to each the skeptical question: "Is *your* name Leathers?" His molasses gave out before the stream of redskins did.

From "Tit-Bits:"

Dick—"Ah, my dear, I've seen parangs flying about in Africa so that the air was thick with them."

Dora—"Oh, Dick, why didn't you bring me some of their feathers?"

The explosion of a pipe in the pocket of a cartridge had found its way into the tobacco; a wound from the fire of an eye-shade catching fire; a bite from a pet rooster held in the lap, and a blow in the eye from the horn of a cow are some of the causes of 279 serious eye accidents reported to the Industrial Committee for the Prevention of Blindness during one month.

From "Life:"

Car Owner—"You sold me a car about two weeks ago."

Salesman—"How do you like it?"

Car Owner—"I want you to tell me everything you said about that car over again. I'm getting discouraged."

A man who had a flower garden which adjoined a golf course was annoyed by the caddies coming over the fence to look among his flowers for lost balls. He got a can of "tree tanglefoot," he wrote to the "Rural New Yorker," and began to smear the posts and the top wire of his fence with it. A player who saw him applying the tanglefoot asked him what the idea was. "To keep the bugs from coming over the fence." "Oh, you mean the golf bugs," was the rejoinder. One application kept both balls and bugs from coming over, it is affirmed.

From "Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern:"

She: "Does he belong to the 400?"

She: "Yes, he's one of the ciphers."

English readers find our Indian place nouns, like Mattawamkeag, queer. Well, here are ten English towns taken by us from a long list compiled by a London "Daily Mail" correspondent: Huish Champflower, Ryme Intrinsica, Toller Porcorum, Nether Wallop, Great Snoring, Zeal Monachorum, Panchasweek, Swine, Barton in the Beans, and Kingston Bagpuze.

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